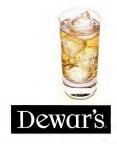
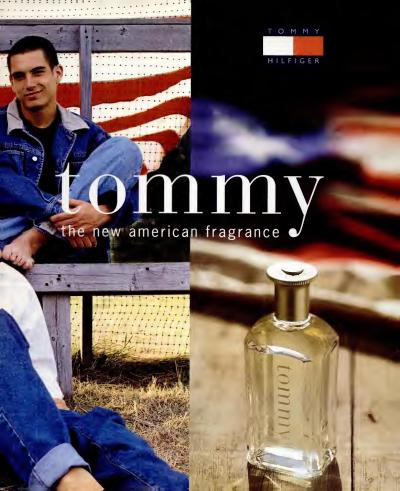


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May 3

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After making HIStory— his long-awaited new album— MICHAEL JACKSON dresses up for a fantastic voyage. Photographs by Jonathan Exley

EAZY-E's death from AIDS is the first that speaks directly to the hip hop nation. But is anybody listening? By Carter Harris

Brooklyn's NOTORIOUS B.L.G. looks for some love from the West Coast. By Laura Jamison

The WU-TANG CLAN

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ON THE COVER AND RIGHT





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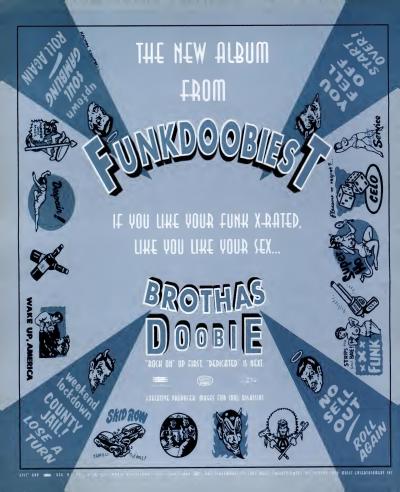
ABOVE Eazy-E photographed by Everard Williams Jr.



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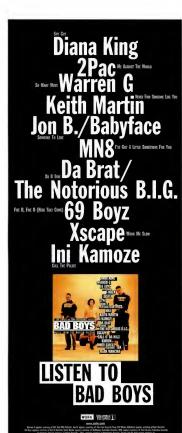


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VIDEDA

Sylet/producer Kidada Jones dressed Michael Jackson for ur cover story (*Action Jackson, *Tage 58) with 'N8E fash fon director Kevin Stewart. Jones has known Jackson since she was two. "No one has ever seen him in a fashion layout before, "she says, "and thought houdbe great says," and thought houdbe great says," and thought houdbe great matter is also associate producer of three tracks on the upcoming abum by her dad, Cuincy Jones (on West Records).

Photographer Jonathan Esley, who shot to the Mindel Action of the Mindel Action several times before. This time naround, Esley aspin the was excited action of the Mindel Action



JONATHAN

CONTRIBUTORS

Ricky Lee wrote about the television show Living Single (page 79). He has contributed to Vogue, Vanity Fair, and the New York Times, and is at work on his first novel....Chris H. Smith profiled the new generation of jazz musicians for Next (page 49). He has written for Paper, Interview, and The Source...WISE assistant editor. Mini Valeds Interviewed BLACKstreet (page 76). She has contributed to YSB and the book Rap on Rap, edited by Adam Sexton.



niierz

VIBE contributing writer Bônz Malone, who interviewed the Wu-Tang Clan for "Deep Space Nine" (page 70), places the group among the greatest in hip hop. He says, "Their past experiences have helped them reach a level of musical maturity that has made them the most productive rap group since Run-D.M.C." In addition to his Stik & Stönc column in ViBE, Malone has written for The Source and Slam.



MORNAN

When Scottish photographer Norman Watson shot the Wu-Tang Clan, he had to wait nearly four hours for all nine members to assemble. He says, "The tension rose to a crescendo as each of them arrived, and at one point they became pretty manic—they just exploded on the set." The shoot itself lasted a mere 15 minutes. Watson recently directed a belevisionsport to promote fouriem Ihalli, and has contributed to The Face, Esquire, Rolling Stone, and Spin.

Marathon Man

(WELL ONCE)



It's in your wallet.



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am the young woman that was sexually assaulted by Tupac Shakur and his thugs. I've read Kevin Powell's interview with Tupac ["Ready to Lives," Aprill, in which I was misrepresented. Up until this point I have only told my story under eath in court; nobody has heard my story, only his side, which is much different than what Tupac stated is the true story.

A friend of mine took me to Nell's, where he introduced me to [the men VIBE identified asl Nigel and Trevor, who later introduced me to their friend Tunac. When I first met Tupac, he kissed me on my cheek and made small talk with me After a while I excused myself and started to walk to the dance floor. When I felt someone slide their hands into the back pocket of my jeans, I turned around. assuming it was my friend, but was shocked when I discovered it was Tupac. We danced for a while, and he touched my face and his body brushed mine. Due to the small dance floor and the large number of people, we were shoved into a dark corner. Tupac pulled up his shirt, took my hand, traced it down his chest, and sat it on top of his erect penis. He then kissed me and pushed my head down on his penis, and in a brief three-second encounter, my lips touched the head of

his penis. This happened so suddenly that once I realized what he was trying to do. I swiftly brought my head up. I must reiterate that I did not suck his penis on the dance floor. He pulled his shirt back down and asked me what I was doing later. I told him that I was going home because I had to go to work that day. Then, as people started surrounding him again, he grabbed my arm and said, "Let's get out of here. I'm tired of people stressing me." We exited Nell's, got into a white BMW, pulled up at the Parker Meridien, and went to his suite. We conversed, and he rolled up some blunts. We started kissing, and then we



had oral and vaginal sexual intercourse several times.

He called my house a couple nights later and gave me his SkyPager number and told me he wanted to see me tomorrow. That evening after work. I paged him, and his road manager called me back and informed me that Pac really wanted to see me but he had a show to do in Jersey, so I should call a car service and take it to the Meridien and he would nay for the cab. Once I got to the hotel, I met Charles Fuller for the first time; he paid for the cab and led me upstairs. Inside the suite, Tupac, Nigel, and Trevor were seated in the living room, smoking weed and drinking Absolut. Tupac told me to come in and pointed to the arm of the sofa near him, and I sat down. After about 20 minutes. Tunac took my hand and led me into a bedroom in the suite. He fell onto the bed and asked me to give him a massage. So I massaged his back, he turned

around, and I started massaging his chest.

Just as we began kissing, the door opened and I heard people entering. As I started to turn to see who it was, Tupac grabbed my head and told me. "Don't move." I looked down at him and he said. "Don't worry, baby, these are my brothers and they ain't going to hurt you. We do everything together." I started to shake my head, "No. no. Pac, I came here to be with you. I came here to see you. I don't want to do this "I started to rise up off the hed but he brutally slammed my head down. My lips and face came crashing down hard onto his penis, he squeezed the back of my neck. and I started to gag. Tupac and Nigel held me down while Trevor forced his penis into my mouth. I felt hands tearing my shoes off, ripping my stockings and panties off, I couldn't move: I felt paralyzed, trapped, and I started to black out. They leered at my body. "This bitch got a fat ass.

"It was not a setup. I never knew any of the thugsTupac was hanging with. I admit I did not make the wisest decisions, but I did not deserve to be gang-raped."

laughed and joked to one another, Nigel, Trevor, and Fuller held me in the room, trying to calm me down. They would not allow me to leave.

Finally, I got to the elevators, which had a panel of mirrors. Once I caught sight of myself, I sank down on the floor and started to cry. They came out, picked me up, and brought me back into the suite. Tupse was lying on the coach. In my mind I'm thinking, "This motherfucker just raped me, and he's lying up here like a king acting as if nothing happened." So I began crying hyspened." So I began crying hysterically and shouting, "How could you do this to me? I came here to see you. I can't believe you did this to me."
Tupac replied, "I don't have time for this shit. Get this bitch out of here."

The aforementioned is the true story. It was not a set up, and I never knew any of the thugs he was hanging with. Tupac knows exactly what he did to me. I admit I did not make the wisest decisions, but I did not deserve to be gang-raped.

NAME WITHHELD



OUR BEST SHO

STEPHEN V. CHARLES, WINSTON-SALEM, NO

Jupac has to take responsibility for his actions or lack of the same. He should have done something besides leaving that woman in a compromising position in a room full of men. Black men are going to have to learn to assert themselves and challenge other black men by stopping them when it comes to harming our women. The test is, if you wouldn't allow this to happen to your mother or site, why sit by and allow it to happen to any other woman? Black men have to stop condoning the negative behavior of their brothers even if Immast them look toft.

CAROL, RICHARDSON.

CAROL, RICHARDSON.

CAROL, RICHARDSON.

CARON, CARON,

Tupac has learned more about himself than he has ever known, now that he is not smoking bud or drinking. Many of my homits meet him and said he was a distinguished and the said he was a distinguished almost every one he came across and he was only acting hard because that was his image. But heard because that was his image. But heard he middle that he was always under the influence and that he shouldn't have been acting that way, I guess he now realizes him sittade.

VERONICA CASTILLO INGLEWOOD, CA Oman, people. Tupac's talking that same of 'sightose bullshirthat all niggas locked up are always talking about. The bottom line is that if Tupac hadn't gotten locked up, his ass would've still been out here doing the same foul shirt he was doing before. He strikes me as just another phony nigga trying to be hard like every other ganges to the read to the properties of the properties of

NEW YORK, NY

am truly proud of Tupac Shakur for the wonderful change that he has made. I commend him for finally developing a more positive outlook on lift. These days it's not easy for kids to be positive about their futures, partly due to all of the gun-toting, dincyelangin' gangstar ap that isn't supplying these listenens with a solution, or even a right and a wrong. Tupac was right when he said, "We need to be more responsible for our lyrisc." It's all right to rap about the reality, but we should educate in a positive way. The "role models" in music that are representing the streets need to start teaching

the good in life and stop glonfying the drugs, the guns, and the disrespect of women. That "Thug Life" shit needs to be dead. It's not ever going to get us anywhere. Tupac realizes it, and he truly should be an inspiration to all that might be heading in the wrong direction.

LAGUNA NIGUEL, CA

From what I read, his so-called homies Nigel and Trevor set him up with the rape case, and they definitely had something to do with his getting shot. Yo, Pac, I'm not calling you stupid, I just think you should have been more cautious with the people you choose to call your homies. You've been around! Without those two, you wouldn't be in the situation you're in now. It's sad that black brothers can't unite, that they must fight and destroy one another. If what you said in your interview about making us all proud is true, then more power to you, black brother, Remember, true friends are like diamonds, precious but rare: false friends are like autumn leaves. found everywhere. Keep va head up. nigga! Still getting love from your sistas! SHERENA "2POP" BOONE ROOSEVELT ISLAND, NY

With Tupac being incarcerated, I understand what he must be going through, because I am also incarcerated. Here's a poem of encouragement I wrote for him:

KEEP YA HEAD UP. 2PAC

To the rapper who makes much serue, Anex Sakark of Nyue ever quit Life has its obtacles, God house it does, with the rhyme so, we wrete it showed much hove. Some were positive and some were Iffe a we want to work the street that we Iffe. Now it's time to do your thing, get it together, come out and say; It's a now me now. The same the light, I must help my young brothers and siters to save their iffe.

you've made, stick with your word, stay strong and brave.

> AMIRA BUSH GOOCHLAND, VA

or all the compassion I feel for Tupac, I keep asking myself a question that should be addressed by hip hop and rap fans who support Tupac: Would he be



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changing his thuglike ways if he weven't facing the next few years of his life behind bans? I hope that Tupae meant what he said in his interview and liwish him all the luck that I have to give, but something keeps telling me that if Tupae hadn't taken this unfortunate fall, he' all tilb out there smoking weed, insulting people, and carrying on like he was prior to his sentence. I'm a fan of Tupae's, so I'm hoping that I'm wrong, but I've got a feeling that I'm not.

KESSA COCKNELL ETHELSVILLE, AL

This is in response to the fuckedup review Yuga received in your April issue. Me Against the World is the man's true feelings and the only way for him to get anyone to know how he feels. I don't thin ksome sory-ass strice has the right to say his personal feelings of life, his life, aren't worth listening to!! Save those types of criticism for people who are really wack! Much respect to Tupac and keep your head up! JESSICA PENA JESSICA PENA

was very impressed with Scott Poulson-Bryant's March cover story on Boyz II Men ["Nice Boyz Finish First"]. It made me feel closer to the Boyz and realize they deal with the same issues in life as nonsuperstars. Regarding Wanya Morris's comment that he and the other group members were not the most attractive guys, but that if you can sing you can "get a dip from the ladies," all I have to say is: Wanya, don't ever put yourself down. Personally everything about you excites me-your smile, your playful mannensms, and the enthusiasm that rises in you as you perform. Let me let you in on a little secret: You look good! With your fine self! CHARLOTTE HOUSE INDIANAPOLIS, IN

The fashionable "Soul Brothers" article [Fashion, March] intrigued me the most and provoked me to set the record straight. Babyface, a "musical everyman," did not have the 1989 Tender Lover as his debut album. He presented him-

self as a solo artist while still a member of the Delet with the classic Loverz, which was released on Dick Griffey's SOLAR (Sound of Los Angelse Records) label in 1986. Years later, Epic Records bought SOLAR and rereleased Lovers (with a different cover) to ride on the heels of the bythenfamous Tender Lover. To all Dele and Babyface fans everywhere, the record is now straight!

ROCKY MOUNT, NC

Oh, pleeze, pleeze, pleeze, if all things bright and beautiful were made in America, the rest of the world would die of horedom and hunger, Simon Reynolds's review of jungle [Revolutions. March] exuded the type of arrogance and self-flattery that should be abolished from a classically artistic and urbanely informative publication such as VIBE. For his information, ves, jungle was born out of techno/rave music. But just as the former lazy, strung-out synthe beats of electro matured into what we now call hip hop, so too did rave mature into jungle. It's a melodic, bass-driven fusion of rave and ragga or lovers' rock or even soul-check out Nazvin's jungle rendition of Anita's "Sweet Love"-that make jungle music uniquely British and unashamedly un-American, Unfortunatelyand I don't mean to deflate Sir Reynolds's ego-jungle is not a British attempt to imitate, emulate, or even pretend to contend for the heavyweight throne of hip hop or its many facets. Just as the world respects and admires most things American, tell your boy to he a man and accept that non-Americans too can be creative.

JIDE ORIOGUN LONDON, ENGLAND

The Amy Linden's review of the Lalbum by the new girl group called Ebony Vibe Everlasting [Revolutions, March]: I don't personally know the members of Ebony Vibe, but I have heard most of the album. As a female, I think the album is all that—nice grooves with cool sex appeal. I think Ms. Linden has some personal hang-ups, because she was

so intentionally malicious in her

review. Hmmm...something

seems fishy. Whatever the case may be, she needs to lighten up, cheer up, get a life, and take some anti-bitter pills. If she can reduce the acts of being in love, being in a relationship, and having a "Good Life" to the mere act of sex, then who has the problem? JILLIAM MARSHALL

Quot Poulson-Bryan, thank U 4your very enlightening interview with Malik Yoba [Look, March]. His outer-bauty is all good, and mentally he is deep and got it goit oo. In fact, I admire the brother's good intentions and accomplishments concerning our young people. Malik, feeling the way I do about childen of the world, I thank God 4 your inspiring esistence; U are truly blessed. Always stay rune 2 yourself I wish U the best success with your mustic and all future

> HAZEL THOMAS GRANDVIEW, MO

VIBE encourages mail and photographs from readers. Please send letters to VIBE MAIL, 205 Lexington Avenue, 3rd Floor, New York, N. 10016. Send photos to VIBE YOUR BEST SHOT (same address). Include your full name, address, and daytime phone number. Letters may be edited for length and clarity. Photo submissions will become the property of VIBE and will not be returned.

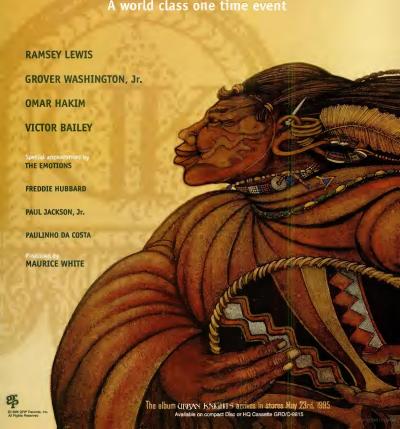
TUPAC'S ADDRESS

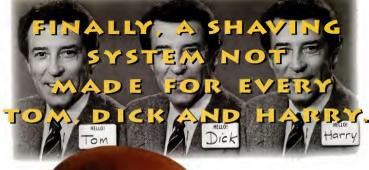
We received many letters requesting Tupac's mailing address. Anyone interested in writing him can contact him at: Tupac Shakur, 266 Old Wesley Chapel Road, Suite 105, Decatur. QA 30034.

CORRECTIONS

 In our April Issue, the photographs of the Time and of Jimmy Jam and Terry Lowis in "Soul Survivors" were by Allen Begulleu.
 In "Flippin" the Script" in the May issue, Will Smith's hair was by Stacey Morris.

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skin, shaving whiskers at the precise level to help prevent razor bumps. What's more, the system has everything you want in a razor. Like a strong, well-balanced handle for better control and replaceable Bump Guard Mactridges. So you end up with the



look you never thought possible.



"This thing is real and it doesn't discriminate. It affects everyone."

-Eazy-E

My this are the means by which human beings make sense of their world. So lit a the image of a virulent, unrepentantly promiscuous Eary-E that the world clings to. Eary-E "the player" Joins the ranks of "Haitlan boat people," "laggots," and "junkeis"—tallenans that people think can protect them from the indiscriminate devastation of AIDS, a leading killer of young people in America.

Sacrificed in the process is the complex image of Eric Wright as CEO, as father of rap's most influential genre, as contributor to the Republican Party, as pojanant griot of urban angst. All that gone in order to sustain the myth of the "deserving" AIDS victim.

When we attribute Eazy-E's March 26 death to a lack of morality, we also fail in step with America's historic predilection for demonizing black sexuality—whether it's the sexuality of innocent men lynched as rapists, teenage mothers, or women on welfare. Hip hop lyrics may often be sexually explicit, but they also promote safe sex more than any other musical form. The double standard says that half-naked brown girts at poolside are dangerous and irresponsible, while Kate Moss's nude picture on a bus or ZZ Top video babes are simply "hot."

The obvious reason for all this is racism. But the less obvious motive is a deblitating misunderstanding of AIDS that stops popie from getting tested, stops them from practicing safe sex, and leaves them clinging toolietly to fantasy. Eazy's final advice to the hip hop community that towed and supported him was that we "save [our] assee" by recognizing that "this thing is real and it doesn't discriminate." Respect the man's wishes: Do away with the myth. Eazy-E dilan't get AIDS because he, or gangsta rap, is immorral. He got AIDS because he made unwise, unsafe choices—bad decisions we don't have to repeat. Jan Morgan



Takin' It to the Streets Can Nike make hockey not hokey?

A young player drives the length of the Harlem basketball court, an orange ball bouncing before him, his sneakers laced up tight, his baggy shorts hanging loose, and defenders chasing him from behind. One big kid is waiting, but with a juke left and a quick drive right, he shakes him off and launches a shot toward the net. "Money." he shouts. No, this is not basketball. On this day, on this courtand in cities everywhere-the game is street hockey, thanks in large part to the corporate

Jaunched the massive Nike/ NHL Street Hockey Program to expand the appeal of hockev beyond the Great White North-and beyond Kings and Sharks ierseys. There are already 600,000 kids playing in the program in 14 cities from San Jose, Calif. to Miami, "The NHL and Franklin are helping by donating sticks and nets and goalie equipment," says Tom Philips, Nike's hockey marketing manager, "But it doesn't take much for kids to love this sport. The simple gig

The sneaker giant has ! kids, and it becomes their favorite. It's more physical than basketball, more aggressive, and with our program, all they have to do is show up in a Tshirt and sneaks "

On that tip, Nike is coming up with a line of street hockev shoes-rugged high-tops affixed with a flaming NHL logo-to hit the stores in June. A typically funky Nike ad campaign started in May during the Stanley Cup playoffs. And that followed the company's \$395 million purchase last December of the Montreal-based is to get sticks in the hands of Canstar Sports, the world's larg-

est hockey equipment manufacturer. Clearly they don't plan on making all that money back just selling stuff to Canadians. With the NHL and Nike targeting urban America, NHL merchandising predicts that merchandising will grow to \$1 billion this year (from a measly \$150 million in 1990).

Looks like hockey isn't just about done ierseys anymore. "The fashion of the sport has transcended the white northerner." says NHL director of fan development Ken Yaffe. "and the game has only just begun." Slim Slam

...and 'Sup Wit Mike and Spike?

The Birmingham Barons weren't the only ones to suffer from Michael Jordan's defection to basketball. His resurrection on March 19 also spiked the return of Mars Blackmon, the motormouth Spike Lee character who appeared in both She's Gotta Have It and the first Air Jordan ads eight years ago. Nike had produced a stylish black-andwhite ad starring Blackmon, who compared Jordan's baseball skills with those of a litary of baseball legends.

His Aimess was shown hitting like Stan Musial, catching like Willie Mays-and ultimately, letting a slow grounder dribble between his legs like Bill Buckner, All of the famed



ballplayers have cameos in the spot, each encouraging Jordan's development with the mantra "Hey, he's trying."

Of course, Jordan stopped trying, and Nike had to yank the ad after only one week on the air. "It's too bad, 'cause it was fun," says Lee. "But you haven't seen the last of Mars Blackmon." C.J.

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hill RTS point-blank news



machine of Nike.

BONE HARMONY Terry E. Gray of Da Lench Mob-better known by his nom de rap, T-Bone-was acquitted of murder charges on March 9 in Torrance, Calif. T-Bone, 24, had been arrested after a February 18, 1994 shooting at Southwest Bowl bowling alley in L.A. Prosecutor Gregory Jennings's argument (which the jury apparently didn't buy) was that T-Bone's lyrics proved he was capable of murder. "They raided my house and took my lyrics," says T-Bone, "but it ain't like rapping is doing a crime or anything."



LAFACE LIFT LaFace Records-responsible for such acts as Toni Braxton and TLC—has inked a \$100 million five-year joint-venture agreement with Arista Records, one of the largest deals in the history of recorded music. It's also proof that the artistic breakup of label heads Babyface (left) and L.A. Reid hasn't prevented a business triumph. But what else does this massive infusion mean for the moguls' future? Says Babyface, Besides the ski dates, all I see is LaFace Records."

EXPECT-ATIONS



GOODBYE.

NO, IT'S NOT JUST A DARK VERSION OF THE ORIGINAL, NO, IT DOESN'T TASTE LIKE BEER, AND NO, THERE'S NOTHING ELSE " Like IT... Ney zima doll bold tasting, viloly different brace fourself and try one; out yon't be disappointed, or 1995 zima breving co. Memptils, team, malt beverage vith and bat flyon & coarmet color, so loo gythal com.



Everything you always wanted to know about hip hop but were afraid to ask

1'll bury your corpse next to Kurt Cobain.

Q: Is it just me, or does the voice of Mr. Ignorance at the end of "You Can't Stop the Prophet" by Jeru sound like Kyle from the TV show Living Single? C.H.L., LANCAST-ER, CA A: No, it sounds like the annoying fake voice used by Malcolm-lamal Warner.

O: What's with Shaa, Cedric Ceballos, Dana Barros, Isaiah Rider...don't vou think there are too many rappers in the NBA? B.F. L. MARSHALLTOWN, IA

A: Like anything, there's some good and there's some bad. On the new tip, I hear Tree Rollins has mad skills.

O: Out of all the rappers that say they would, who do you think would really murder someone? S.O., EL MIR A HEIGHTS, NY

O: On PMD's Shade Business, the song "I Saw It Cummin' " has nothing to do with Erick Sermon. The whole album has nothing to do with Erick Sermon. Why is that?

K.R., TUSKEGEE INSTITUTE, TUSKEGEE, AL. A: Contrary to popular belief, the whole world doesn't revolve around Erick

Sermon. And to me, that's the most beautifullest thing in this world. O: Whassup, nigea? But now, why you be dissin' people all the time? What you need to do is change that played-out hat, B.W., SAN FRANCISCO, CA

A: I can't. The hat is surgically attached to me. Like your mom. O: Why do most rap songs sound like that 1990 jam by A Tribe Called Quest called

"Bonita Applebum"? I.S., EAST HARTFORD, CT A: For the same reason all rap songs sample Slick Rick.

O: Is there even the slightest chance that Big Daddy Kane can regain respect? T.C., CHICAGO, IL.

A: Well, anything's possible now that Tupac has cried.

O. Why does MTV only seem to censor rap videos? Y.S., BALTIMORE, MD A: It's all about priorities, and MTV's are messed up. I think they should worry about hip hop less and spend more time figuring out how to protect us from any future sightings of Kennedy's breasts on the Internet.

Got a question about hip hop? Send it to: The Rap Bandit, P.O. Bex 48382, Philadelphia. PA 19144

Rollin' from The Source was cool. I left nothing behind ('cept the prerequisite hidden camera). My new boss is Quincy Jones, but unfortunately on my first day I was officially repri-

manded for calling him O During my few months off, 1 have been very busy working on an answer record. Not an answer to anyone's song per se but to the entire

soundtrack of lason's Lyric. This has been grueling, so for fun I watch an endless tape loop of Chuck D trying to pronounce "Mumia Abu-Jamal" at last year's MTV Video Music Awards. But now it's all about VIBE-they simply outbid Hype Hair.

O: Did Oueen Latifah's "U.N.I.T.Y." deserve this year's rap Grammy award? S.D. SPRING VALLEY, IL

A: My vote was for Erick Sermon's "Lugz."

Q; Iwant to know what white people can do to earn respect from black people. T.S., ONTARIO, NY

A: Stop buyin' those African art figurines on QVC. Q: I think rock 'n' roll is totally cool. If you have a problem, perhaps we can handle it

The Internet's bulletin boards are starting

to look downright retro compared with the

hyped-up offerings of the World Wide Web. Nevertheless, they continue to serve as a

global forum for the discussion of issues

hot, cold, and lukewarm. The sine qua non

for hip hoppers is of course rec.music.hip-

Ever" and "Totally Unofficial Rap Diction-

ary." But there are some 5,000 other boards.

a trall of postings a mile long. At right, some

of our other fave hangouts. Go ahead, punk,

and any Net surfer worth his salt is leaving

in the streets. D.B., WILTON, ME A: No problem. And afterward, just to show you there are no hard feelings,

att.discrimination alt.hemp alt.music.ilmi.hendrix alt.music.prince

alt.music.ska ait.music.techno

alt.music.world alt.prisons hop, with threads like "Phattest Scratching

rec.music.afro-latin rec.music.bluenote

rec.music.bluenote.blues rec.music.funky rec.music.reggae

soc.culture.african soc.culture.african.american soc.culture.caribbean

soc.religion.islam

WAHIII WAHIII Reverse Discrimination is Unjust! Bong Nicknames Wah-wah and the Wavback Machine

NO UNDERWEAR (SECRET) **Boutros Boutros Skali** (: Happy Hardcore Home Page :) Arabic Jazz CD's

Writings From Death Row Santeria, Yoruba, Paio, and Lucumi Can Green Day Play Jazz?

Muddy and the Wolf How Many Saw 70s P-Funk? Dancehall Fans? WHERE?!?

Benefits of Polygamy Where Are Black Republican Kings of the Hill? Trinidadian Recipes

Happenings in the Muslim Cyber-Community

IIII PIS point-blank news

read my newsgroups.

SONY BALONEY

Columbia Records got a platinum single out of Ini Kamoze last year with his hit "Here Comes the Hotstepper," but lost to Elektra in a bidding war for his album. That's when Columbia's parent company, Sony, purchased old Kamoze tracks from Island Records and slapped them together for a Here Comes the Hotstepper album. "That phony Sony record company is trying to rip off the buying public," says Kamoze. "They're digging up 12-year-old tapes and packaging them as new. Those vampires should guit trying to suck me."

Henry Hample



NOT A PERFECT DAD

The name of Christopher Williams's new album, Not a Perfect Man, is only half the story. After a February 27 appearance on a New York TV show, Williams was greeted on the sidewalk by his ex, Eliana Pyrone, and officers from the NYPD's 19th Precinct, and served with a warrant, Williams had skipped \$52,000 in child support payments for their daughter, Kristian, over the past five years. His next appearance will be before a New York City family court judge.

CLOCKERS

	ARTIST/TITLE	AVG. TIME	COMMENT
Like most		(SECONDS)	
bad ideas, it	NOTORIOUS B.I.G.—Ready to Die	3.64	A B.I.G. hit on his home turf.
started with	DE LA SOUL—		A guy took the disc in 0.82 seconds,
you couldn't	3 Feet High and Rising	3.75	quite possibly a land speed record.
give this disc	MARIAH CAREY—		"I don't have a CD player," said one woman, who took
away." So we	Merry Christmas	4.28	the disc anyway. She'll never know how lucky she is.
devised a	LEE OSKAR—My Road Our Road		Turned down by 18 people. We thought an old
scientific	LEE OSKAH—My Hoad Our Hoad	4.44	Latin harmonica player would go much faster.
test. We took	DIONNE FARRIS-	E 00	No more Speech impediment.
three copies	Wild Seed-Wild Flower	3.00	She's looking unstoppable.
of each of	AVERAGE WHITE BAND—Warmer	5.89	Three average white people took it.
these CDs to	Communicationsand More	3.03	Times are raige winter people took it.
Times	D-KNOWLEDGE	6.16	"Has he got the knowledge?" asked one taker.
Square and	All That and a Bag of Words	0.10	(It was Times Square.)
tried to hand	ICE CUBE-Bootlegs & B-Sides	7.25	"Is there anything I have to do with it?" asked one recip-
them to strangers,			ient. Question is, did Cube have anything to do with it?
clocking the	SONS OF ELVIS-Glodean	8 28	The King is dead.
results.			
Josh Tyrangiel	DA LENCH MOB-	R 30	Maybe if we gave it away at the Statue of Liberty
	Planet of da Apes	0.02	mayor in a garant analy at the statue of Electryal

Straight Outta Mt. Pocono

It's known more for honeymoon hideaways with heart-shaped hot tubs and cheesy lounge acts than for phat rhymes and Funkadelic samples. But some big-name rappers are hoping to turn the Poconos' kitschy resort area into the hottest spot of hip hop.

The Force M.D.'s liked the pastoral hills so much, they bought an entire Stroudsburg. Pa. block seven years ago. No Face's Mark Sexx and Shah have lived there for two years and recorded in the Menagerie, a Poconos studio. Shock G of Digital Underground and Wu-Tang Clan's Ol' Dirty Bastard are looking for homes in the area. Crooner Freddie Jackson is a longtime resident. Ice Cube vacations there. There's even a blackowned resort nearby, the Hillside Inn, with skiing, golf, and white-water rafting. And it's all less than two hours from New York and Philadelphia.

At least one resident, Sexx, thinks it's all good for the local community, "Hey, a few years ago white kids up here were wearing long hair, denim jackets, and tight jeans," Sexx says. "But now they're wearing baseball caps and hoodies." Christopher D. Kinn







hille's point-blank news



DEATH ROW

Death Row Records' March 13 post-Soul Train Music Awards party at the El Rey Theater in L.A. turned into a ath trap for Kelly Jamerson, 20, who was stomped and kicked by a mob. A fight broke out during a performance by Snoop Doggy Dogg and BLACKstreet, and by the time the LAPD arrived (in full riot gear), Jamerson had to be airiifted to Cedars-Sinai Medical Center. He died from his Injuries the next day. Police have interviewed hundreds of the revelers, but all claim to have seen nothing



HEAVY BREATHING

Black Hollywood has turned out for Forest Whita ker's directorial debut, Waiting to Exhale (based on Terry McMillan's best-selling novel), which will star Whitney Houston, Angela Bassett, Gregory Hines, Mykelti Williamson, and Leon, and be scored by Babyface. And McMillan's stern presence at th Phoenix shoot should keep the divas in check. The author told Movieline, "I will personally kick Whit-ney's little butt if she starts acting cute on the set.":

"I didn't use one because I didn't have one with me."

GET REAL

If you don't have a parachute, don't jump, genius.



Bobbito Garcia plays the tracks;

Synonymous with phat East Coast beats. Diamond D has almost run the full gamut of hip hop roles, from boogie boy to DJ to MC to producer. He's created tracks for Lord Finesse, Fat Joe, Brand Nubian, and Joi, as well as for himself. At one time, he may have been one of

the Bronx's best-kept secrets, but he's now extending his talents to West Coast artists like the Pharcyde, Tha Alkaholiks, and House of Pain. His forthcoming second album, tentatively titled Flavortism-The Sophomoric Effort. promises to be as raw as his first.

. SAM SNEED FEATURING DR. DRE--"U Better Recognize"

DD: Oh yeah, I like this. I'm not mad at it. that joint is right. I have that album at the crib. I like the production first, it's tight, People might think I listen to beats that use samples only, but I like live shit too. You can't be limited. Everything coming out of that camp is phat. I like that "Natural Born Killaz" with Ice Cube joint too.

B: Word? PARLIAMENT—"Flash Light"

DD: This is the all-time classic. B: What does it remind you of? DD: Being in the second grade, living in South Bronx's Patterson Projects. Niggas had the one-big-

speaker JVCs pumping this shit. B: You used to dance to this? DD: Tried to, heh, heh, heh, I used to electric boogle to it. I was one of them niggas that would walk around with white gloves in their

DD: Word up, kids around my block knew. • ULTIMATE FORCE—"I'm Not

DD: That's the mad underground record that went nowhere.



B: You didn't even produce that record, right?

DD: Yes, I did. I didn't know what a producer was back then, Jazzy Jay just took the credit, but I didn't care 'cause I learned so much shit

B: What happened to the group?

ound chec

DD: Capitol wanted to give us an album deal, but it wouldn't have allowed me to pursue my solo option with Chemistry. Remember, I was only a DJ in Ultimate Force, but I would've started rhyming eventually with Master Rob. · PIGS ON CORN-"Dickwad Score"

DD: What the fuck is that, the

B: The name of the song is "Dickwad"

DD: I don't like how it's going down. I don't feel it. Sounds like music for 80-year-old people. · GRAND PUBA-"Black Family Day"

DD: He inspired me to start rhymlng. I like what he's saving-Puba loves black people. B: Black-on-black

crime is so problematic. DD: For some reason people feel like they gotta kill a nigga just to get respect. People talk about white people this. white people that, but when you go home, you don't see no white people. You dealing with other blacks. Motherfuckers got to

stop blaming the white man for everything; a lot of this shit we do to ourselves.

. TLC-"If I Was Your Girlfriend" DD: Shit sound like a York Peppermint Pattle commercial.

lavin' on the beach. B: Do you know who this is? DD: Nah.

B: It's TLC. What do you think of them?

DD: They not on the level of an En Vogue, but the sound they have works for them, so they'll always be successful. They cool people too. I

B: Would you mess with them? DD: I did a remix for "Creep." B: Nah, I mean would you mess with them?

DD: No doubt, no doubt, I won't say which one, but she could definitely "Creep" up to my crib!

START

Center of **Attention**

When Shag took the stage at the MTV All-Star Jam party on February 11, he wasn't wearing his latest Reebok kicks, a Peosi T-shirt, or any Orlando Magic hoodie. No, his fly "T.W. Is M" jersey was custom-made by designer April Walker to complement his new "The World Is Mine" tattoo. "But that's not all he had me do," says Walker, "I mean, he had medo 14 'T.W. Is M' iersevs and caps. I outfitted Shaq, [Magic swingman]



Dennis Scott, and his whole crew. He gave me the numbers and names for each jersey. And you know, he's so last-minute, he gave me, like, a week to do it all."

Walker's "T W Is M" baseball caps have already made a lasting contribution to the Shaq legend, because bootleg versions have shown up on the streets of New York-pirated versions of a cap just once displayed in public. Says Walker, "I guess the world really

Diamond D states the facts

hille's point-blank news ·BLACK-OWNED, AT LAST

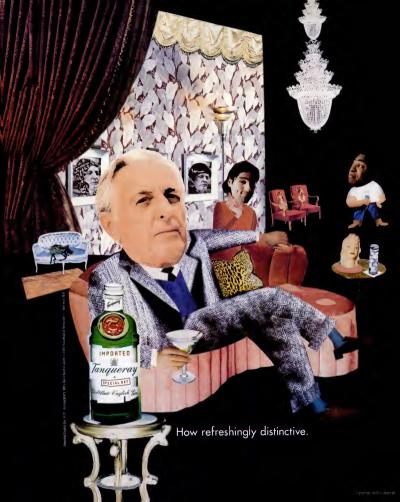


Three years into its existence, the white-owned African-American Collegiate Alliance clothing line has been bought by four African-Americans—for \$1.6 million. In July, the new owners will release their first line of hoodles, hockey jerseys, and T-shirts. "Our product raises awareness of supporting your own people," says Chris Latimer, the AACA's vice president of marketing, "it appeals to the revolutionary mentality of inner-city customers. They should be wearing us, not Duke."



· REPLACEMENT PLAYER .

The lead singer for Portrait, Phillip Johnson, quit the R&B group just as their second album, All That Matters, hit record stores in March. He was replaced by Michael "Kurt" Jackson, Jackson did not sing on the album, nor is he included in any of the cover art, but the label says it might not really matter. "Kurt and Phillip look a lot alike," says Robyn Ryland, a publicist for Capitol Records. "So those unfamiliar with the group won't know the difference."



"Surprised to find a glamour girl in his friend's gay bar, Mr. Jenkins sends her a Tanqueray cocktail...though he admits she is rather tall and burly for a glamour girl."

























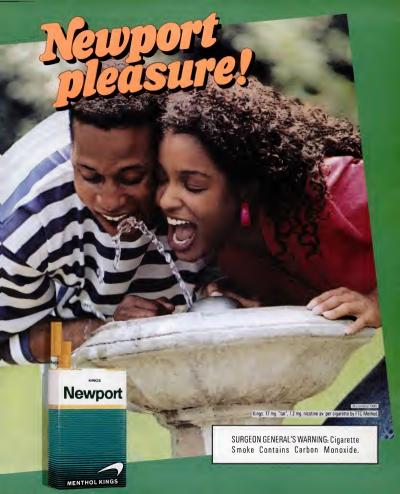














BACK IN THE DAY 1. Mama said knock you out, L.L. Cool J and Iron Mike stylin' and profilin' in 1991. 2. Queen Latifah in 1992. Is that hood the wrath of her madness? 3. You be illin'. Run-D.M.C. before a 1991 performance at the Apollo, Whoever told them to be versatile and not just wear black clothes was dead wrong. 4. Dr. Seuss? No, it's MC Lyte serving a hip hop version in 1991. To get a roughneck, Lyte knew she had to lose the hat, 5. I rock ruff and stuff with my...doorknocker earnings? The Lady of Rage representing at NYC's Powerhouse in 1991, 6, 1991 was a good year with many good days for Ice Cube, even with those Jheri curls, 7, For those who cringe at the sight of Vanilla Ice (1991). just thank God it's all over. 8. Treach and Pepa in 1992. Wonder if there's any symbolism in this picture.... 9. You've come a long way, baby. missjones, in 1993, when she was first signed. Now she's a hip hop James Bond girl. 10. Reminisce, reminisce, reminisce. The early days of Mary J. Blige in 1992-before those platinum Carol Brady wigs. 11. Humpty Hump in 1992, when he used to get busy in Burger King bathrooms, 12, Big Daddy Kane in 1990. My, my, what people used to spend their money on. 13. "Raow, raow! Like a dungeon dragon." Busta Rhymes perfecting his technique in 1992. 14. Even in 1991, Aaron Hall was taking his dogs very. very seriously. 15. Was Chuck D too busy fighting the power and bringing the noise in 1990 to eat? Mimi Valdés





























seems like a hot minute ago I was sitting outside on the fire escape during those long Saturday nights. embracing the summer heat. I was too young to run the street yet, so I took a seat on the "ghetto throne." From here I could see the whole neighborhood, from the abandoned brownstone to the giant four-sided landmark clock located in downtown Brooklyn. The world seemed so ill from this perspective. So much was going on that my mind would become absorbed by the essence of the world around me. Pushing my imagination to its limits became my pastime of choice as I stared off into space and daydreamed throughout the night.

The only thing that could hold my attention was the thrill of watching "Boot" (our next-door neighbor) go to the park across the street and play his music. I don't know how he did it, but he'd make the streetlights go out and music come on simultaneously. When he cut the music on, people came to the park from all over. Even the old folks-shit, my great-grandmoms for that matter-would sit on the edge of the park under the moonlight, enjoying the cool summer breeze and good music. (And why not? It was across the street from her house.) This was before the thought of guns entered our minds, before the movie Wild Style educated curious outsiders about our culture, and before our generation realized the power of that good olde hip hop.

Often, while drifting off into a daze. I'll imagine myself dancing in the middle of the crowd at one of those iams. checkin' out that funky sound.

Neighborhood hustlers would play the sideline, burnin' cheeba while keenly observing the break-dancers as them little whippersnappers got their swerve on Graf writers would sten in da joint, fresh from nulling off another artistic ritual. From their peers, these visual-language engineers got the respect of artistic kings in spite of the fact that they walked with smudge marks on their faces and numble ink on their hands Dressing fresh-dipped and looking cute wasn't important unless you

the airwayes with honor and roc a party with such spunk. But nowadays. real people are so busy dancin' through their personal struggles in life that they don't have the luxury to take time out to shake their asses at a party. With the current surge of chean home entertainment systems, inflation, and the crime rate, genuine hip hop cultural affairs (where artists communicate one-on-one with the community they are a part of) are fast becoming extinct.

Now when I step to a jam, I've

most people were embracing it for all the wrong reasons. Now fools assume that all you need is a pair of baggy pants, a fancy book bag, backward baseball cap, and a blunt in order to be identified as a "B-boy," but of course this is bogus. All you need is universal love in your heart, bona fide soul, and a genuine desire to create the unimaginable. Until you acquire these keys, the B-booglefied level of pure hip hop funk will be forever unattainable, regardless of how fat and ugly you might feel your style is.

In spite of the broken plass and uneven tar and gravel that we used for a dance floor, we'd

create a uniquely soulful

CHILDREN OF THE WILD STYLE were just a cutie.

A smile hugs my face while I feel the vibration of the cultural love in the air, Luckily, I found a dancing partner as light on her feet as my head felt upon my shoulders as I floated on a musical high. In spite of the broken glass and uneven tar and gravel that we used for a dance floor, we'd create a uniquely soulful hustle-de-la-waltz that would make Fred Astaire and Mr. Bojangles stare in utter disbelief. FUNKTHAT!! Style-free agua-electric boogie-boys and -girls dancing around in harmony 2 the beat of the classic re-B-bop while the em cee supplies his voice as the narration of the soul-flow, thus transmitting a broadcast of love, peace, and happiness via sound in the raw.

But that was long ago, It was a rare and beautiful sight to witness such noble soundmen and -women grace

come to expect seeing some young numskulls eagerly acting ignorant under the guise of "keeping it real," attempting to represent something they can't even fathom. As I recall from vestervear, in order to be a member of this movement called hip hop you either had to be a graphiclanguage artist, a break-dancer, a musically inclined dee jay or em cee. Yeah, you had loval fans and avid observers of the culture who knew and loved its participants, but if you didn't bring some sort of energetic creativity to the table in attempts to advance the growth of the art forms, you just wasn't a part of the movement.

With mass misinformed media promoting out of ignorance what they did not understand, the karma of hip hop mutated into whatever was on the minds of those who embraced it, and

hustle-de-la-waltz that would make Fred Astaine and Mr. Bojangles stare in utter dishelief. RFFI FCTIONS

"Human years, dog years
- don't matter. This
dawg's gonna be around
a mighty long time."

You are your own dog.

Red Dog Beer.
Enjoy It Responsibly.
Plank Road Brewery.









"I'm not really interested in making pop songs," he says. "I'm not trying to sugarcoat myself, I'm trying to be as raw as I can be, I

just want to make some real black music."

IBE 45

Scott Poulson-Bryant

BROOKLYN'S GOT A WHOLE LOT MORE THAN 31 course, we're from Flatbush, so ... Bush Babees." flavors vying for your taste buds. In the Big Apple's Bae-B-Face Kaos (a.k.e. Lee) met Mr. Man three largest borough, crooks scheming to jack you up and years ago while performing at a club. The optly nickcrack you up live cheek-to-jowl with Afro-chic artists named rapper, whose rough style is chock-full o' and buppies, while Caribbean and African immigrants metaphors and similes, recalls that a dope beat rub albows with folks up from down South. Call it "We dropped and "Mr. Man started rhyming in my ear. I Are the World," diaspora stylee. started rhyming in his, and we caught a good vibe. We Three years ago, out of this multiculti boiling pot were born Dn Bush Babees, a reggae-hip hop trio whose hit singles "We Run Things (It's Like Dat)" and "Remember We" from their debut album, Ambushed, have served notice: The old-school sounds of started going over each other's cribs and just styled—to the point that we just became a group." Well, two-thirds of one, anyway. Y-Tee (a.k.a. Ja-ahl), the business-minded Babee, moved from Jameice three years ago. He got hip to the group Brooklyn remain in full effect, and their freewheeling shortly after Mr. Man checked him out live onstage, style isn't e hodgepodge—it's a way of life flexing melodious dancehall rhymes. Next, lyrics were written, jams were packed, and Da Bush Babees col-"We're ell West indian and wanted to represent lectively realized each individual's goal while sparkthe connection between hip hop and reggae," says Mr. Man (a.k.a. Khaliyi), the analytical one in the ing the entire industry. Three months after coming group. "Since we're new to the whole music industogether, they were signed. "I guess you could call it try and culture, we call ourselves Babees, and of luck," says Y-Tee. Only in New York. Ben Mapp DA BUSH BABEES Putting Brooklyn flavor back on the block



9. RODEO DRIVE, LOS ANGELES c.2 MILLION YEARS AGO

2 million years ago, the world was quite a different place. There were no personalized license plates. No maps to the stars. No hairdressers with one name. But there was crystal clear Naya® spring water. Pure and pristine, flowing deep in the Canadian wilderness. 2 million years before, oh say, smog alerts.



THERE ARE FEW ERAS IN JAZZ HISTORY AS LADEN Wynton and Branford Marsalis stepped onto the scene in the early '80s. Yet most folks under 30 know American classical music at best as a sampling ore to mine for hip hop rhythm tracks or, at worst, as cheesy tunes to cue up on a neighborhood jukebox.

The hip hop generation should wake up: The current jazz renaissance is amazing in the sheer breadth and diversity of the talent pool. Every instrument is well represented. This year there are albums worth investigating from planist Cyrus Chestnut. bassist Christian McBride, guitar player Mark Whitfield, trumpeter Nicholas Payton, singer Rhonda Ross (daughter of Berry Gordy and Diana), and saxophone players David Sanchez, James Carter, and Teodross Avery.

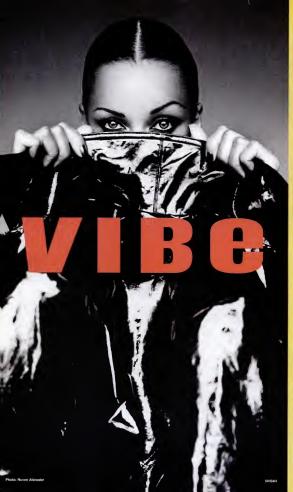
What sets this bumper crop of artists apart is their allows me to create something right on the spot that with young talent as the one that dawned when ability to wink at rhythmic conventions pioneered by might allow someone to escape the every day trials the likes of Miles Davis and Thelonious Monk. Carter (The Real Quietstorm) expresses disdain for colleagues who regurgitate old ideas. "Every time I go to a jam session, I hear all these cats running these 'Trane solos they've learned," he sniffs, "That is not what I'm about." Chestnut (The Dark Before the Dawn) puts it succinctly: "It's time to make those chord changes and those musical scales into a statement of life-not just a logic."

It's this kind of emotional immediacy that compels these young musicians to keep on creating. "Jazz isn't dead," says Ross, whose debut album, on her own One Records, will premiere in the fall. "It's still a very vibrant commentary on everyday life." Avery (In Other Words) says, "Being a musician

Still, some worry that this new music may be falling on deaf ears. "I don't know If there'll be enough interest to sustain the music," says Payton (From This Moment), "It gets boring going all over the country to the same places and seeing the same people," says McBride (Gettin' to It). "Where are the young black people? Listening to R. Kelly or TLCI"

Ironically, the popularity of today's recumbent musical forms holds the key to jazz's future, despite protests by jazz purists, "There's a little movement toward jazz among young people through things like acld jazz and hip hop," says Sanchez (Sketches of Dreams). "And with all these young players, I think word will keep spreading." Chris H. Smith





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PORTISHEAD

"I'M NOT REALLY INTO HORROR MOVIES," confesses Geoff Barrow of Britain's Portishead, whose musicel compositions on the group's debut disc, *Dummy*, conjure images of derk end scary pleces. "Horror films frighten me to death, so I'd rather watch the Star Wars triloow."

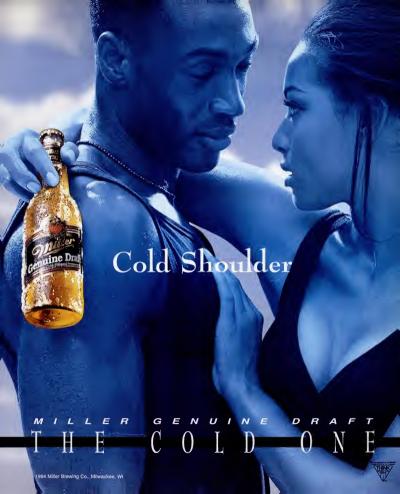
Barrow's nusical carear has been more like the script of Julice. His dealer to create music began when he was eaten in Bristol, the work-ing-class landscape that spawned both Cary Grant and Massive Attack. "I was whet you would call a bedroom D.J. I would be in my room, scratching records of Rinu-D.M.C., MC Shan, or Roxame Shanté, "he says. "It was nothing special, end my equipment was cheep. It wear? it aclub thing, just a little something for me and my friends." Out of frustretion, he later joined a rock cover band called Reiph McTell's Official Fan Club. Berrow pleyed drums.

Soon he wes working as an engineer at a local recording studio. "I was interested in learning should the entire sound spectrum," he sys." I would analyze what made a popular ang work, trying to dig deeper into the psychology of sound." It wean't until he met the queen of blue funk, Neneh Cherry—on whose album Homebrew he remixed several tracks—that Barrow got a chance to display his telents. "Working with Neneh and her husband wes wicked. Both of them taucht me olo."

On Durmmy, Barrow cleverly combines all his influences, from hip hop to Mission Impossible soundrinests, sampled noise, end dub-styringtims. But it's the suicide voice of lead singer Beth Glübbons that heunts the listener. "Her lyrice are all from personal experiences," says Barrow of his partner, who rerely give interviews. "Beth just wents to sing, but she gets no comfort from being easied beto the roje. It is all in the sona;"

Doing eased sold: ref peint, it as in rive song: How's Portisheed hendling eil the current attention? Barrow (who's rarely photographed soys, "There ere e few bonds that think they're bigger then the Beatles—after of ew press ciles, they start believing the type. I think it's one big doggy turd. Hopefully, that's not something for ust to worry about." Michael A. Gonzales.









Michael is a true artist in every facet of its nature—extremely aesthetic and very, very romantic. This is who he truly is despite degrading comments made in the past by certain larva.

Michael, as well as myself, have been severely underestimated and misunderstood as human beings. I can't wait for the day when all the snakes who have tried to take him out get to eat their own lunch and crawl back in the holes from which they came.

We know who they are and their bluff is about to be called.

-Lisa Marie Presley-Jackson





my eyes and he goes behind the couch. He is amazingly shy. What people forget about him is that for the first time,

Michael can go out and perform before 90,000 people, but if I ask him to sing a song for me, I have to sit on the couch with my hands over

probably in the history of music, a black artist is embraced on a global level by everyone from eight to 80 years old. People all over the world, especially young people, have a black man as an idol. JIMMY JAM, producer/songwriter (worked on HIStory album)

Michael's the most intense person I've worked with. For him, everything is about the music and how to make it better. He also makes work a lot of fun. He's a kid at heart-his office is not like a normal office. He has all the kids' toys. A lot of times we'd be in session, in the middle of playing a video game, and he'd be, like, "Well, we got to do this. But go ahead and finish your game, though-I don't want to mess your game up."

The thing about Michael is his talent. If you put Michael onstage without the explosions and the other dancers, he'll still command the stage.

There's a song called "Childhood" on the new album, and I think for the first time, Michael has put a lot of his feelings on record. That song, for right now, defines where he's at-the way he feels about himself and the way people feel about him.

HEAVY D, MC/label executive (rapped on "Jam," 1991)

I was in California the first time I heard Michael Jackson wanted to record with me. I was, like, Nah, no way, he's too big, it can't be true. Then I got a call from Michael's people at my hotel telling me he was interested. But I still wasn't believing it-I thought they were setting me up for a TV practical jokes show.

So me and my partner go to the place, and while we were waiting we were talking and cursing up a storm-I was thinking that if it was a blooper show, they wouldn't be able to use it. Then Michael called and said he was on his way. When he got there he was just, like, 'Hey, how ya doin?' "

Michael's just as regular as everyone else. We talked about all the normal stuff guys talk about. He's real smart. People forget that he's the most incredible entertainer we've seen in our lifetime. His name is Michael Jackson. not Super Michael Jackson. He makes mis-

takes just like all of us. My favorite Michael Jackson song is "Music and Me." It's an old one, about him and his music, his love for music, and the time

they've had together. It's like a song that would be sung to a girl, but it's all about music. R. KELLY, singer/songwriter/producer (worked on HIStory album)

I thought it was funny when I told Michael Jackson I didn't want to fly, and he was giv-

ing me reasons why I should. I kept looking him in the eye, and I kept saying "uhhuh, uh-huh" and "oh, I see," knowing all the time that I would not be getting on a

Working with Michael was definitely not just another day at the office.

KENNY GAMBLE AND LEON HUFF, producers (the Jacksons' Destiny alhum, 1978)

Gamble: When we took Michael in the studio to overdub his voice, he had so many different ideas about songs, writing, and producing, I told him he could really record himself. He was very curious about a lot of things. He's a creative, spiritual, caring person.

Nineteen eighty-one's "Rock With You" is the most what Michael's about. I really believe he and Quincy have a magic together. Michael is a miracle.

Huff: When Michael and his brothers first came to Philadelphia. Gamble decided to walk them from the hotel to the studio. As they were walking, they were rushed by a group of girls. The brothers escaped by going into a movie theater. Once they made it to the studio, these girls camped outside the studio-and this was for a sixmonth period. To see 100 girls laying outside a studio at 3 and 4 in the morning for Michael and his brothers was something else.

My favorite Michael song? Nineteen eighty-seven's "Show You the Way to Go."

NAOMI CAMPBELL, supermodel/actress/singer (appeared in "In the Closet" video, 1992)

Michael is very involved and on top of everything he puts his name on. He's shy and sweet, considering all he's accomplished, but he's a prankster. When I was doing the video, we had water pistol fights. He's a perfectionist.

TEDDY RILEY, producer (worked on Dangerous and HIStory albums) He's the greatest. Innovative. Black.

SLASH, Guns N' Roses guitarist (played on Dangerous and HIStory albums) He's a fucking brilliant entertainer, a complete natural. He's the only guy I've ever met that's real-for that kind of music. I grew up listening to the Jackson 5, I used to love "Dancing Machine."

We've been friends for a while, so he just lets me do what I want to do. I get a basic framework, and I just make up my part and they edit it. I wonder sometimes what it's

gonna sound like, [Laughs] but every time, they do a great job. He's very shrewd. He's got a great, sarcastic sense of humor. People always ask me. "Is he weird?" Well, he's different. But I know what it's like to be weird. growing up in the music business.

I have to admit working with Michael Jackson is different than working with your basic, gritty rock 'n' roll band. One time when I went to play for Michael, he walked in with Brooke Shields, and there I am with a cigarette in one hand, a bottle of lack Daniel's in the other, and my guitar hanging low around my neck. And he doesn't care. That's not the way he is, but I don't have to change for him. He accepts me for what I am.

TATUM O'NEAL, actress/friend

I never worked with Michael, but he and I had a really wonderful friendship when I was 12 and he was 17. He used to dance with me, we'd talk on the phone all the time, and he'd say how funny it was that I was 12 and was living with my dad, and I remember him

I could drive and he was older and couldn't. Michael used to come to my house when I being so shy. Once he came into my bedroom, and he wouldn't even sit on my bed. But another time when he was over he played the drums, my brother played guitar, and someone else played another instrument, and we had a jam session. I had

the tape of it, but I lost it somewhere.

When I was 12, he asked me to go to the premiere of The Wiz with him, and my agent at the time said it wasn't a good idea, maybe because they felt he wasn't a big enough star vet. He never talked to me after that. I think he thought I just canceled, but it wasn't me at all. I was a child doing what I was told. I want you to print that, because I don't think he ever knew that. I lost touch with him because of it, so I don't really know him anymore. But I love him; he's one of the nicest, most innocent people I've ever met. I love "She's out of My Life" because I think it describes our friendship at that time.

DALLAS AUSTIN, songwriter/producer (worked on HIStory album)

Working with Michael is a different type of work. You're pressured timewise, but not by creativity or money. So you're left with mad freedom. You'd think he'd be very controlling, but if he likes you enough to work with you, he wants your expertise, not just another Michael Jackson record.

"Heal the World" and "Stranger in Moscow" from the HIStory record are, like, the makeup of Michael. I think he's taken on the responsibility to make changes in the world. He's the only real superhero. Think about it. D

Reporting by Omoronke Idonou, Shani Saxon, Joseph V. Tirella, Josh Tyrangiel, and Mimi Valdés





Over 18,000 people died of AIDS in the City of Angels before gangsta rap kingpin Eric "Eazy-E" Wright, but his death is the first that speaks

EAZY LIVING

directly to the hip hop nation. Is anybody listening? *Carter Harris* reports on Eazy's last days. *Photograph by Everard Williams Jr.*

n March 15, Enic "Eazy-E" Wright lay in the intensive care unit of Cedars-Sinai Medical Centrulia Los Angeles. He was 31 years old and fighting for his life. Heavily sedated, Eazy-E had a respiration tube running down his throat to help him breathe. In the tramped, flowersent-lift room, a few close friend, a few close friend. Tomica Woods-his new wife and the mother of his youngers son-eathered around his bed.

"We told him we loved him," says Jacob T., a six-footthree, 300-pound Samoan, one of Eazy's longtime win bodyguards. He and his brother, John T., were with Eazy through most of his last days. "But he couldn't talk. Then we said. If you can hear us, just squeeze our hand." He did."

Big Man (a.k.a. Mark Rucker), who grew up with Eazy in Compton, removed a gold ring his wife had given him on their 10th anniversary. He slipped it on Eazy's index finger. "I told him, "I want you to give this back to me when you get out of here." But Eazy never got out.

His immune system had become too weak to fight off the infection that was ravaging his lungs. About a week later, Eric Wright fell unconscious and remained so until he died on March 26, 1995, at 6:35 p.m., from AIDS-related one umonia.

he announcement that Eazy had AIDS sent shock waves throughout the hip hop nation. Fans, friends, even journalists wept openly on March 16 as his attorney, Ron Sweeney, read a statement from his client outside the old Motown building in Hollwood.

The founder of N.W.A, the man who popularized gangta rap worldwide, was studdenly thrust into the role of AIDS educator: "I would like to turn my own problem into something good that will reach out to all my home-boys," Eazy said through Sween,"."I want to save their asses before it's too late. I'm not looking to blame any-one except myself."

Though Eazy didn't say (and perhaps didn't know) how he contracted the virus, he implied that it was through unprotected sex with women. "I have seven children by six different mothers," said the statement. "Maybe success was too good to me."

At the Beat, LA's KKBT-FM, where Eazy had hosted a show every Saturday, the phone rang. It was Snoop



Doggy Dogg, who, in a call filled with long, pregnant silences, said he was praying for Easy. The next day for Cabe phoned in. "Me and Eric worked out our differences," said Cube. "I had just seen him in New York, and we talked for a long time. We was laughing and kickin' it about how NW A should get back together. I'm just waier ing for a call that ways he's cool enough for me to go to the hospital and check him out... and let him know that he's still the homis, when it comes to me."

On Friday, March 17, Dr. Dre—who's traded wicked insults with Eazy since the dissolution of N.W.A-paid a visit to Cedars-Sinai. Dre got in; he saw Eazy. Only he knows what, if anything, was communicated.

By that time, the hospital's switchboard had been

blowing up for two days straight. "We've been overwhelmed with thousands of phone calls asking about Eazy-E," says Paula Correia, Cedars-Sina's director of public relations. "Otto of young people-emotional, upset, concerned. We've had a high volume of calls for other celebrity patients-Lucille Ball, George Burns, Bill vidol-but never this many."

But not everyone was sympathetic. According to one hospital staffer, some mone claiming to be Early former lovers were phoning in death threats. Across the country, at a panel discussion in Virginia, Compton napper ID Quikwas saving that Early keen we had the disease two years ago and vowed to spread it around, Ruthlase miployee Keish Anderson were no Rivor March of the discussion March is and said that "Early was teved 18 months ago, and it was negative", Bumons were snowballing: Early was a closet homosecual, Early was a benin addict. Early was on his deathbed, Early was 10 months of the Carly was 10 month

The fewered gossip said more about the anxiety running through Planet Hip Hopthan it did about the truth Lazy-E was the first major pop music figure who was not openly gay to die from AIDS. But instead of seizing this opportunity to educate, the media downplayed Eazy's death. MTV had devoted around-the-clock coverage to Kur Cobain's suicide, but squeezed only a few paltry minutes on Eazy into their regular AITV Warer broad-casts. The New York Timer and Popel offered slightly expanded obituaties, and BET seemed asleep at the wheel. The media's lax-time was expectably shameful considering that Eazy's your audi-



ence—young people of color—are currently contracting the virus at such an accelerated rate.

middle-class lid from Compton who got caught up in drug dealing and perty crime. Exz went legit by investing his money in his own label, Ruthless Records. With his distinctive, high-piched whine, Exz corioned the term 'Boyz-Nrthe Hood' and subrered in the gangstarape rar. "As long as you're being talked about," and the man whose rhymes ender the FBI—yet who, in 1991, took time out to hang with George Bush—"people will immember you."

Right before he got sick, Eazy was at his busiest: shopping a screenplay, executive producing Bone Thugs 'N' Harmony's upcoming album, and preparing to release his own oft-delayed double album—a collection culled from more than 70 tracks record ed with everyone from Bootsy Collins to Slash of Guns N' Roses.

"He was driven by the thought that when he was sleeping, he was missing something," says Jerry Heller, Eazy-E's longtime friend, personal manager, and the controversial former general manager of Ruthless Records. "He worried that people were get-

"Eazy lived the life of a straight-up G," says Rhythm D, one of Eazy's former roommates and producers. "You know. A mack." Heller puts it more gently: "Eazy loved women. He had lots of them. Lots of kids. They were a big part of his life."

"I knew he was sleeping with other people," says one of Eazy's

Additional reporting by Josh Tyrangiel

ting ahead of him. He just never slept."

most recent girlfriends. "But I didn't know to what extent. It was only after he went into the hospital that I found out he was living with this other woman, Tomica. But he was never anything but good to me. As far as I was concerned, we were still together."

Linda Bell, the mother of Eazy's second-oldest child, a nine-year-old girl, says she and Eazy



were no longer seeing each other but that he willingly provided for their child. On the day of her own HIV test, she spoke highly, if somewhat numbly, of her former lover: "Eric was to busy it was hard for him to spend time with his daughter. Just before he got sick, he said he was gonna come pick her up and take her to some event the Ice Capades. He never did earthe chance."

Even though Eazy was living a player's lifestyle, his death seemed to come out of nowhere. "It was a shock to everybody," says Steffon, a former cohost of the syndicated video show Pump It IP and an MC signed to Ruthless Reords. "About a week before he went into the hospital, I was at his house and he was the same of! E. We was just chillin," bumpin' tunes, smokin' weed, talkin' about business."

According to his bodyguards, Eazy was having cold symptoms and some difficulty breathing as early as mid-January but avoided seeing a doctor. "He'd had bronchitis off and on since he was a kid," says Big Man. "So it wasn't completely new."

But Eazy's breathing became increasingly strained, and on Thursday, February 16, Jacob T. and Big Man took him to the emergency room of Norwalk Community Hospital. "He sounded worse than I'd ever heard him," says Big Man, "but he wouldn't have gone if it were up to him. We practically had to force him to go." Eazy was admitted for a breathing problem and released on February 10.

After leaving the hospital, he went home to Topanga Canyon, where he rested, rying to get over what everyone assumed was bronchitis-related asthma. That Thunday, we slept over at his house, "says Jacob. "Eazy was still wheeling and short of breath. He had an appointment with his doctor the next day." On Friday, February 24, Eazy-E was admitted to Cedarsfinai Medical Center.

Under the alias Eric Lollis, Eazy stayed in room 5105, where he was given antibiotics for an infection in his lungs. "He was smaller because his appetite had decreased. But there were



THE INVISIBLE WOMAN

"Did you use protection?" asks the counselor.

"No." the young woman says.

"Why not?"

"Because it was Eazy-E," she says, "He's a star."

According to one AIDS worker in Los Angeles (who asked to remain anonymous), conversations like this one have been common at L.A. testing sites since Eazy-Eannounced on March 16 that he had been diagnosed with AIDS. The women call the clinics terrified. And they should be.

AIDS is spreading more quickly among women than men now. The proportion of female AIDS cases has grown from 7 percent in 1985 to 16 percent in 1994. Since 1981, more than 77 percent of those cases occurred among African-American and Hispanic women, In 13 U.S. cities, AIDS is now the leading killer among women ages 25 to 44.

In October 1992, following a four-year public campaign by AIDS activists, the federal Centers for Disease Control and Prevention added gynecological conditions like cervical cancer, recurrent yeast infections, and pelvic inflammatory disease to its list of markers for the presence of HIV-the AIDS virus. Before this "new" definition, women were often being treated for mild infections while actually dying from AIDS.

"Many doctors were not aware of infections specific to women, and they wouldn't know to follow up their diagnosis with treatment and testing," says Richard Sorian, director of public affairs at the Office of National AIDS Policy, After the new policy went into effect on January 1, 1993, the total number of AIDS cases rose 58 percent within two monthslargely because cases were being counted differently.

"Women were dying without ever knowing that they had AIDS," says Maxine Wolfe, a New York activist who worked on the campaign to convince the CDC to change its AIDS def-Inition, "That's why we used the slogan 'Women don't get AIDS, they just die from it' for our campaign,"

Another reason that the number of women with AIDS is growing so rapidly is that men transmit the virus to women 10 times more often than the other way around, "Heterosexual women don't think of themselves as part of a risk group," says Dr. Jeanne Carey, who works at the Spellman Center, the AIDS ward at New York City's St. Clare's Hospital. "But they are." Since 1981 the CDC has monitored 18,217 AIDS cases in heterosexual women-double the number of cases in heterosexual men (9,063).

Just as there are vastly different biological manifestations of AIDS between men and women, counselors say that the psychological impact is different for women too, "Even if she's sick, a woman is usually going to take care of the household and the children first, and put herself last," says Mary Lucey of Women Alive, an L.A.-based AIDS counseling and education group.

This is part of the explanation for statistics showing that women dying of AIDS tend to die five or six times faster than men after being diagnosed. "It's often the case that women are diagnosed later," says Dr. Carey. "At that point, the disease is more advanced." Joseph V. Tirella

no lesions or dementia. None of the other things you associate with AIDS," says Charis Henry, Eazy's former personal assistant and longtime friend, "I know because I lost an uncle to it last year."

In the hospital, Eazy wore black Calvin Klein long underwear and sometimes a gown to cover his upper body. His mom was bringing him home-cooked food and fresh fruit. He had a radio but spent most of

the time watching television.

"Me and one of his girlfriends would get him to sit up and move around," says Henry, "But he couldn't walk much because it was hard on his breathing. His spirits went up, then down, and we'd try to cheer him up. I did the running man to Montell Jordan's 'This Is How We Do It,' and he laughed."

Eazy was diagnosed with AIDS March 1. "He told me it wasn't fair," says Henry, her voice tense with emotion. "That he didn't want to die. He said he wouldn't care if he didn't have a dime; he said he wouldn't care what anybody said, if he could just drop the top on his car and ride up the coast one more time

he told you, right?" is how Eazy-E told Big Man and Jacob T. that he was dving of AIDS. The "she" was his soon-to-be wife, Tomica. who had been keeping a bedside vigil since Fazy was hospitalized.

Eazy was scheduled for surgery the next day. March 15, so that excess fluid could be drained from his lungs. Amid concern that he might not survive the surgery, he married Tomica Woods, Woods and her daughter subsequently tested negative for HIV, though they may not be out of danger, as the virus sometimes takes months to show up in tests.

Eazy recited his wedding yows at approximately 9:30 p.m. on March 14. He was unable to stand. His parents. Kathie (a grade school administrator) and Richard Wright (a retired postal worker), were in attendance, as were his sister and brother, Patricia and Kenneth. The same night Fazy reportedly signed a will naming attorney Sweeney and Tomica Woods cotrustees of his estate.

The surgery, however, never happened. Shortly after dawn, Eazy was transferred to the hospital's intensive care unit. There he was hooked up to life support. "I was told that they couldn't drain his lungs because he was too weak," says Jacob, From that point on, Eazy remained in critical condition.

Charis Henry saw him on March 24, two days before he died. "I was talking to him but he didn't respond," she says, "It looked as if he was asleep. It was the first time he looked comfortable in a while. He looked peaceful."

ess than 24 hours after Eric Wright's death, war broke out over his estate. Mike Klein, Ruthless's director of business affairs, filed a \$5 million lawsuit charging that Tomica Woods and Ron Sweeney, who became Eazy's attorney in January 1995, wrongfully claimed ownership of Ruthless, In a motion filed March 27 in L.A. Superior Court, Klein claimed to own 50 percent of the label, per an agreement signed with Eazy in 1992. Klein says he fired Sweeney on March 24, and then when Klein showed up to work at Ruthless on March 27, 10 security guards blocked his entrance. The LAPD subsequently shut down the company's Woodland Hills offices until the legal dispute could be settled.

Klein told VIBE that Eazy had expressed "no interest" in getting married and that whatever will he may have signed on his deathbed, "he signed because he was not in the right state of mind." Sweeney and Woods declined to comment.

More than one of Eazy's ex-girlfriends have expressed concern over whether their kids will continue to be provided for, "I'm not some groupie tryin' to jump in for money," says Tracy Jernagin, owner of a music production company and the mother of Eazy's four-year-old daughter, Erin Wright-who has since retained a lawyer to assure that her child's interests are protected. "Eric was very generous and loving toward his daughter I know he wanted her provided for."

Regardless of who inherits his ample fortune (estimated at \$35 million), Eazy-E deserves props for many things: for pioneering some of the funkiest hardcore music ever made; for opening people's eves to how bad things have gotten in urban America: for being a successful entrepreneur: for being one of the first people to tell cops to fuck off in song.

"Eazy said he didn't want to die. That he wouldn't care if he didn't have a dime if he could just drop the top on his car and ride up the coast one more time."

But since his death, the fact that stands out more than any other is that his music unabashedly glorified the lifestyle that ended up killing him. "Feel a little gust of wind / And I'm jettin'." he rapped in "Straight Outta Compton." "But leave a memory no one'll be forgettin' / So what about that bitch who got shot? / Fuck her / You think I give a damn about a bitch? / I ain't a sucker / This is the autobiography of the E / And if you ever fuck with me you'll get taken." Well, E got taken.

The truth is, hip hop's attitude of invincibility is a joke in the face of the AIDS virus. "When Magic got it, people thought about it for a minute," says former N.W.A. member DJ Yella. "But everybody knew Eric; he's right there in the streets. His dying from AIDS has got a lot of people thinking, 'Now that's dose, it can't get no closer but me getting it."

Only days after Eazy passed, a young street vendor stood on the comer of Florence and Crenshaw Boulevards in South-Central Los Angeles selling T-shirts. Two weeks ago they might have borne messages like FREE OI or BITCHES AIN'T SHIT. Now the shirts say in big black letters: AIDS IS RUTHLESS. SO TAKE IT EAZY. RIP 3/26/95.

Carter Harris profiled Eazy-E for The Source in August 1994.



Shawn is wearing the Reebok* Logo Warm-up in black and white...just prior to wearing the opposition. It's the way things are worn on Planet Reebok.

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The Notorious B.I.G. represents East Coast hip hop to the fullest, but can the Brooklyn gangsta get some love from the West Coast? Laura Jamison goes to Los Angeles to find out. Photographs by Andrew Macpherson

The salesgirt at the Rochester Big & Tail ston in Beverly Hillis is buggiri', and no wonder. A crew of six—The Brooklyn gangstas and i—has just entered the ratio and only one is large enough to fit the clothes sold here. "Group shopping?" she asks, eyetrowar saled. That's right, this is a shopping posse, here to assist the Man—the Notorious B.I.G.—this layout for a summer wardrobe.

B.1.G., also known as Biggle Smalls, pride of Bed-Stuy, and the voice that sparked Mary J. Blige's "What's the 4117 (Remix)," represents East Coast hip hop to the fullest with his own brand of Brooklyn flavor. This spring, though, he's basking in the California sunshine to see if he can get enough love from the West Coast to push his debut album, Ready to Die, to platinum—and making sunheads out West recognize his skill.

A few years ago, 8.1.6.'s main reason to travel beyond New York was to expand his illegal business to places like North Carolina (where he did time for selling crack). But he's changed career paths, and work is more likely to take him to L.A., which sits well with him. "Weather's good," he ags." Weed's good. But when you in somebody else's 'hood, you abide by their rules."

Inside Big & Tall, Money Al gathers the items the Notorious one has selected a couple of short-sleeve shirts, six packages of Jockey boxers, socks, and a belt. The select gif points to a display of aweaters, hoping to increase her commission. "Nah, I got every one of them back home," he says, forking over his lyrically acquired loot to pay for a pile of clothes he haart eventried on.

Little Caesar awaits us outside in the entourage's slick white minivan, rolling blunts the size of which I haven't seen since the last Cheech & Chong movie. We drive from Beverly Hills to Crenshaw, beats boomin', and Big's henchmen—the Junior Mafia—are rockin' to the music so hard it's a wonder we don't register on the Richter scale.

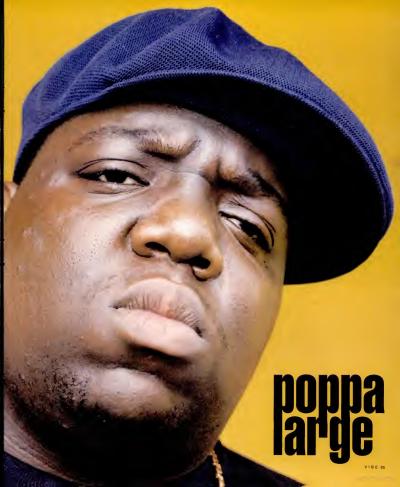
After all that reefer, the crew is hungry, so

the next stop is Dulan's Restaurant, Plates of corn bread, collards, black-eyed peas, catfish, fried chicken, and jambalaya appear at the table. I don't know who ordered what, but I do know the entrées outnumber the stomachs, Suddenly, something's up. There's a rustle and a few whispers, before the 23-yearold Godfather is sues an order to his mafiosi: "Be cool." Silence prevails. Then, in one of those surreal Hollywood moments, who walks in but Mr. "Tutti-Frutti" himself. Little Richard, He looks at us kind of strange, like he can't believe we're not looking at him. But the rock 'n' roll pioneer doesn't hold much weight with Big. "We never trip off nobody," Big explains later, "Even if he's the biggest star in the world. I guess bein' from the 'hood and havin' fucked-up lives, we figure. He ain't givin' me no money. Regardless who he is, his autograph ain't gonna get me paid."

True, to quote Big's favorite phrase from his No. 1 rap single "Big Poppa." Gettin' paid is what it's about, Back in Beverly Hills, at Big's room in Le Montrose Hotel, there are more blunts and war stories. "That's my little heart right there," says Biggie, nodding to his 17-year-old protégé, Little Caesar, who is passed out on the floor, "I was just lookin' at him, at how he was going about shit, and it was basically me in a nutshell. Kids can be so mean: they'll tease the shit out of you if your shit is anything less than what they got. You wanna be just as fly as the next motherfucker," he continues, sounding like an old sage. "He wasn't going to school, so I said, 'No sense in that, just fuck with me.' Now he got a \$700 leather coat, diamond rings, and a record deal.

"That's the whole purpose of me gettin', on, "says B.I.G., stretching out on the buron," says B.I.G., stretching out on the buron," says B.I.G., stretching out on the burbut one presson but of the crew gold in lete, so, but one presson but of the crew gold in lete, so, but that's my job now—to drag everybody in."
The game may be different ray, but the players never-change: You look out for your own, or questions saked. "They my peeps," says B.I.G. "They rollin' with mist play poss."
B.I.G. "They rollin' with mist play poss."

Laura Jamison frequently writes about mack daddies for VIBE.



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Burger King Celebrates Black Music Month June 1995

CELEBRATING AFRICAN-AMERICAN MUSIC

In so many ways, American music starts with African-American music. African-American artists have defined and propelled music-R&B, hip hop, gospel, rock, soul, jazz, and the blues-to amazing plateaus. So it's no surprise that we celebrate these diverse singers, instrumentalists, emeriatiners, and their artistry this and every fune during Black Music Month.

For the past thirty years, R&B has consistently garnered mainstream success. Motown and Stax led the way by introducing the world to influential artists like Smokey Robinson, Diana Ross and the Supremes, Stevie Wonder, Marvin Gory, Otis Redding, Wilson Pedeett, Sam and Dave, Carla Thomas, and the Staple Singers. But other artists were flourishing (and continue to flourish): Dianne Warwick's angelic voite floated above lush string arrangements; lke and Tina Turner's rock/funk changed the way people thought of "soul" music and paved the way for Tina to ascend to the buge heights as a solo artist. James Brown's wild, rootsy vocals and funk-filled, horn-beavy arrangements turned him into one of the most influential artists in music history.

The majesty of black music has always been compelling. The crisscrossings of genres never coase to amaze. Aretha Franklin and Sam Cooke began as gospel singers but achieved their highest acclaim within R&B. Soul balladeer Al Green garnered smooth success in R&B has now thrown all his energy into gospel. And Ray Charles started in R&B, crossed over into chart-topping country music territory, and came back to where he started. These singers pawed the way for superstars like Michael Jackson, Whitney Houston, and Prince. Contemporary African-American music is the result of the creativity and groundbreaking spirit these musical frontierspeeple had a whole lot of.

Black music is everywhere. Though only a few African-American artists operate within the rock genre today, rock 'n' roll music began with black musicians, who have rarely received full recognition for their efforts and vision. Had it not been for seeds planted by the rhythmic hum of Bo Diddley's guitar, of Little Richard's hoogie-woogie piano, or of Chuck Berry's locomotive-like melodic chords, rock and its subgroups-grunge, metal, thrash-would not exist. Jimi Hendrix's wailing riffs single-handedly reinvented the sound of the electric guitar. Fats Domino, Chubby Checker, Muddy Waters-the legendary figures go on and on.

And then there's America's classical music, jazz. Billie Holiday and Ella Fitzgendd ruled the 1950s and 150s, and opened doors for the silky sounds of women like Sarab Vaughan, Dinah Washington, and Carmen McRae. And musicians like Euhie Blake, Duke Ellington, Charlie Parker, John Coltrane, and Miles Davis iterally obanged the face of the music world with their talents. And from the same kind of spirit that made jazz comes hip hop—this generation's symbol of freedom and expression. Hip hop jaints like Public Enemy and De La Soul continue to create intense music, while new jacks like Craig Mack and Warren G create new ways of interpreting urban America.

Africar-American music-from a great legacy come dynamic heirs. Every Africar-American who has ever picked up an instrument, written a song, or belied out a note is being celebrated during Black Music Month. And in the end, as always, the one doing the salating is the listener-who is ludy indeed.



MOTOWN MILESTONES IN MUSIC

Motown: Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow

When Motorm operaed its down in 1959, the sound most of measurements with Detroit was the metallic danking of the city's countless automobile assembly lines. But within a few short years, the "sound of Detroit" became synonymous with Motorm, the trendsctting, black-council andoperated record company that few or expanded the parameters of popular massic. Motorm is a name that evokes found memories of some of the most sophisticated, intensieding, ending songe seer reasonable.

In the years since the company's investion, Motourn's onetime slogan—The sound of young America"—has been rendered obsolete, Motourn's mustic has affected millions of people worldwile, young and old, on the depost levels. The label began as a dream of Berry Gordy. A former boxer and partitine songeriter, Gordy had you'll me working on a Lincoln-Morary assembly line for \$866, on week. It was on that job, while fastening upholstery and drome strips to advocable frames, that Gordy came up with the idea of a record company that would produce hit records as smoothly and as wriftly as Ford was producing ears. And within a remarkably short time, Gordy turned his dream into a reality.

Aided by the silky voice of Smokey, Robinson-the lead inger of the Minutes to well as an immunely talented songenitar and producer—Gordy set about building a musical empire, the theo of which bases yet to be replicated. In a Detroit bouse that he prophetically divisioned Hitserille U.S.A., Gordy, Robinson, and a handful of languy ecomplicate began enfine the massife that would not the world on its end

Motown's first million-selling hit was the Muscles' 1960 "Shop Around," and there would be many more. Between 1960 and 1971, Motown childed up more than 110 Top 19 pop hits-mainy of them No. 3 monthes—by a route of artists that included the Tempations, Diama Ross and the Supermes, Marvin Goye, Stavie Wonden, the Four Top, the Jackson 5, and many, many others. Continually blarring the lines between great pop music and great art, Motown gave voice to the joys and frastrations of an entire generation.

Then and now, the secret to Motourn's success is to give the most talented songwriters, producers, musicians, and singers the freedom to do what they do bests create superitative, distinctive music that strikes a chord in everyday prople. The tradition of excellence established by Gordy and the many other gifted visionaries who helped shape the Motoura activate can still be heard in the music of latter-day Motoura acts like the Commodorov, Boyre II Men; Shan found Guite, Zhané, Subway, Lucky Dube, the Rottin Razcals, Queen Lutfals, the Writehead Brothers, and Johann Gill. Thes are all worths heirs to a proud traces.

The importance of Motoron's many accomplishments can never be underestimated. Almost single-handedly, the label enalicated outmoded notions of "black mixed" and "white music," present time and again that good music is a language that anytone with a livest and is an understand. The stanningly consistent quality of Motoron's concrete at standard for the rest of the music adustry, rating the stakes and sparing counters artists to go the cerea mide. And the yandstick has not yet been invented that can accountely measure the bours of pleasure that Motoron's artists have given—and continue to give—to counties faint the world over.



in Celebration of Black Music Month, we would like to share with you a part of the Motown experience. Just fill out the information below and you will be entered into a random drawing for one of the following prizes: 3rd Prize 1,000 winners will ereave Vibeology, a special Motown CD featuring some of Motown's greatest songs. 2nd Prize 2 winners will receive an autorgrafted ecopy of Berny Groty 5 book, 7 be Loved's 11 Prize 10 winners will receive a copy of the Motown releases featured on the following pages (The Temptations: Mann's Gaye, Rick, James, MPROMP2, Blu, and Rocie Gaines, Clip and send to: Vibb Maggaire, 25E Lexingforth Avenue, New York, NY 10016 A.Tm.; Millestoners.

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The Temptations Emperors of Soul On Shaky Ground CODE: 5525

Founded in 1961, this five-man group paved the way for such acte as Jodaci, Boyz II Man, BLACKstreet, Intro, and others. Known for their sleek

Jodato, Boyz II Man, BLACksteet, Into, and others. Known for their sleek style and synopout choreography, the leginating Transplations coptured the hearts and eater of lare, with soon classes as 149, Grit "AINT look. Stores Blastraded Fistory of Root & Root and the stores Blastraded Fistory of Root & Root and a best." The Tempetations quite earny stood as the firest vocal group of the Sulfees, they could out-dress, out-drans, and out-aing any compatition in sight." In 1924. Motion released "Emperors of Sout," a caneer-retrospective that spans the thirty-year plus discognisply of one of Motion's most popular and enduring proups. The Tempetations are in Institution and they're still making glorious mosts as they drange into the "Disc.".



Marvin Gave

Marvin Gaye the Master 1961-81 Mercy Mercy CODE: 5526 Motown

1994 marked the start of a yearlong tribute to the musical achievements of one of Molown's most important artists, Marvin Gaye, with the reissue of his deeply emotional "Hera, My Dear." For past generations, Marvin Gaya's risc oreign y emotional. Heta, kyl Josef. For plass gentreations, Manny tradys a music was a companion to field confige-drape with such his as "Studbown Kinda Falia," and his unlengtettable duelts with Tammie Terrell, Mary Welts, and Dilane Ross. Perhapia he greatest contribution to block music was he 1971 recording of "What S Goling On", a hough-jorovcking commentary on social issues of the day. In 1982, Gaye won the Osiamys for "Sexual Healing," Manny Glayes in ceedible and carefully inditable music is a withern than 1981 referenced the analysis of the second wide as a "law when It was first released. A those busine teaching and video as a "law when It was first released." many of today's popular artists performing covers of Marvin Gaye's songs will be released later this year.



Bustin' Out Mary Jane CODE: 5527

Rick James Motown debut in 1978 invited the world to Come and Get It. The world dich of the tune of double platfarm. He follower by this success with the albums Busin Out of I. Servin, Genderin of Love, and Street Songs. The Sec Sear Note James had they be 19 Time? and December 3 Single. The Sec Sear Note James I have 19 Time 19 Rick Jamas' Motown debut in 1978 invited the world to Come and Get it.





MOTOWN MILESTONES IN MUSIC

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IMPROMP2

You're Gonna Love It Enjoy Yourself CODE: 5528 Motown

Perfect for midnight moves and slow burn seductions, IMPROMP2 are the ultimate in cool: a tasty blend of mellow jazz, below-the-line hard-driving funk, sexy late-night raps, and sweet soul music. You're Gonna Love It, the debut album from vocalist Johnny B. and rap stylist Sean E. Mac, reflects the real richness of old school and Risk with that all-important live' flavor. From the 'fleet good' mood of 'Summer Nights' and the lab back approach of 'Enjoy Yourself' (the first single) to the tun' from the 'it-by All.' You're Gonne Love It lan't just a new album by yet another new group. Musically solid, with a natural groove flow that harkens back to a day when "real" meant just that, IMPROMP2 offer a standout piece of work that should be heard only in its entirety for full effect and maximum impact

releases from

Motoren.



Blu

Out of the Blu My Ol' Lady CODE: 5529 Motown

Take a real "old school" vocal approach, placa it within a contemporary Take a real "old school" vocal approach, pleca is within a contemporary musical setting, add a healthy dose of basis, down-home acultulines, and what have you got? Try Louf the Bib. the musically refreshing Motions Records debut by Loc Angeles native Bib. Bib sings with the kind of out-and-out passion that is the hallmark of early vocal influences Bib. althrey Obboums. Philippe Wymn of the Spinnery]. Teddy Penedregrass, and Sam Cooke. Hard-pressed to single out a particular liverone, Bib merition file seey "My Clady," which was the beginning of everything for me." Paying throle to dis school soot and yet timply based in the '90's Bib is sure to stratch it a betienning of every young and Ock.how share a love of real music.

MOTOWN



Rosie Gaines

Closer Than Close I Want You CODE: 5530

She first came to everyone's attention singing a searing solo on Prince's "Damond and Pears", which dwarled everything site. This year Rosis makes her debto in Abtom with Close? That Close, an album that is sure to showsase her astorishing army of vocal mootes. Hole is a master of pure heart aligning. Her towering voice, an instrument of remarkable range, flexibility, and feeling, is reminiscent of Bessie Smith. Mahala Jackson, and Etta James. Flools Gaines-the real deal, exaly for the "90s.

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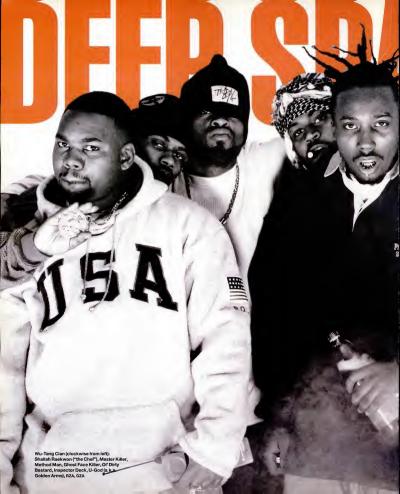
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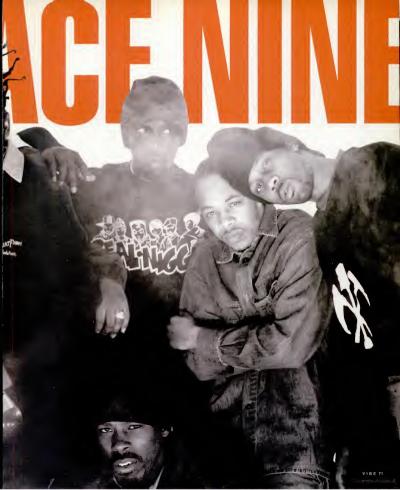
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The Wu-Tang Clan complete the cycle from Knowledge to Born. By Ambassador Bönz Malone. Photographs by Norman Watson

Genesis: The way in which something comes to be; beginning; origin.

IN ANCIENT TIMES, the shao Lin Monastery was abone for aghte our move to made by dudding and material and the state of the

Long ago, one young warrior advanced through all 35 chambers of martial arts. When a student mastered a chamber, he was given a gold tooth; this disciple's smile displayed a mouthful of gold. There were no

more chambers to master, so he told the Abbot he wished to start a 36th. Tradition demanded that he fight his teacher with the brotherhood silently watching.

He was fearful of the Abbot; never before had he encountered an opponent that had advanced to platinum status. The Abbot's fangs had diamonds to blind the eyes of student

had diamonds to blind the eyes of student fighters, testing their vision as well as their focus. Although he was the best of his class, the brave warrior lost to the Abbot's technique and was sent away.

For years, the Manchurians wanted to destroy Shao Lin. The Wu-Tang Clan were rebels against the ancient temple who taught the Manchus their deadly style. Unlike whirling sword, twin sword, and drunken sword, Wu-Tang sword was invincible, and with it the Wu and Manchu joined forces to burn Shao Lin. The reason for treason was clear. The Abbot had forbidden the teaching of the secret style, but the Clan felt it was too important to withhold from the outside world. Like unnumbered stars, they covered the earth as messengers, teaching this complicated art form to all who dared challenge it. Those who merited death got it. Those who were down for radical change became ferree students.

The ancients believed two things: (1) that the descendants of the slain monks would one day rise up against the Clan for revenge; (2) that the legendary Wu-Tang Clan would be reborn to finish their ageless plan of controlling the universe. Such is the continuing legacy of the most feared group ever to master the art, a group that remained inseparable till the appointed time airvicel.

Exodus: People's instinctive travels in the paths of rhythm or out of slavery.

ON NOVEMBER 9, 1993, the spirit of the ancient warnion returned, as the deadliest Mike Corewer to enter the stage of any concert hall or dimly lit nightchb emerged from the slums of Staten Island, which residents tagged Shao Lin. But unlike the home of those monks from Be.Ce. (Before the Christian era), the Wu HQ in the Park Hill apartments doesn't leave much time for peaceful meditation.

As history shows, the Chief Abbot, now known as RZA (production and produced ready), has a special technique. His diamond-and-platinum fangs, like his razor-sharp beats, cut through to ancient methods of making basement music. While everyone and their "Doggs" are sampling George Clinton, the RZA dragd dirty beats up the staircase by the milk-crates. His skills, including pian orifish that sound nastier than Billy loc? in make him (on the low) one

's smile that sound nastier than Billy Joel's, make him (on the low) one lawyers of the most sought-after producers in the industry. Still he remains loyal to the Clan; anything less would result in either his banishment or his death.

Every member of the Clan has brought the mastery of his own individual style to the temple. The Method Man brings back references from the depths of childhood along with rorure techniques, promising to "out off) your cyclids and feedy ou nothing but sleeping pills." His unfiliered "Methotical" baritone voice, excellent breathing and timing (plus his salivating problem), rehaped the form of an MG, making him one of the most respected masters in the land. Shallab Rackwon, "the Cheq". Cook up the fresh, buttery brins, 'cause as he puts it, "Criminals Harve to Ear There".

magine conducting an interview with nine niggaz who generate more sweat than flannel sheets. Shame is on the nub/who gets the short end to a long story. That's me, Joe Finday, the guy who always gets the stuffing. The hardest task was getting them

to materialize in human form for our twohour meeting. RCA cut 'em a deal with fried chicken and turkey burgers, and we were in business. Chef was the first to pick up the verbal sword for the Wu. (The following events are real. All conversations deal with facts and have been documented for posterity. No names have been changed to protect anyone).

VIBE: I've followed your careers since the genesis. Now let's deal with your exodus. What was the hardest experience?

CHEF RAEKWON: Just growing up, man, and just knowing responsibilities. Being able to go from not having something to having it, and learning how to keep it, y'know? Not getting too caught up in the rap shi like it's gonna saw the day or whatever. This is just a phase. Maybe it was my turn. It's just all about dealing with self. And if you take it back to Shao Lin, that's all they knew was themself. They were sharp at whatever talent they hit you off with. That's the key knowledge.

VIBE: There's nine deep in your souad.

VIBE: There's nine deep in your squad,

OL' DIRTY BASTARD: Nine thousand deep! We be real spread out! I got a new crew called the Zoo. Wu-Tang is big. We teachin' our babies how to rhyme and shit, 'cause that's where the money's at. Nigaza gonna be lawyers, and a nigag agonna be rhymin' his ass

off too. Like, you know, the RZA taught all of us how to rhyme and all that good shit. And he really gave me knowledge, and all praises due. As far as style and shit, that comes from my moms. She's on some professional singing shit.

VIBE: Where do you see yourself as an individual Clan member?

O.D.B.: I wanna be on top and shit. I don't want nobody fuckin' with my stab. The only niggas allowed to fuck with my shit is the personal niggas that was spoon-fed by me. And nobody better fuck with me when my album como

METHOD MAN: Word up.
You gotta protect ya neck. 'Cause
the mentality of this whole industry shit is you got to go to them









with your shit like BOOM! You puttin' them on; not them puttin' you on. Like, man, you either got the option to fuck with this shit or not fuck with this shit, or I'm just gonna go to the next nigga.

VIBE: And it's to their benefit to put it on. METH: Yeah, exactly. If Tied goes platinum, that's light. It ain't gonna get to me or nothing, 'cause it's for the better of the whole shit. If I go platinum, the whole Wu go platinum.

Since the release of the single "Protect Ya Neck" on their own independent label, Wu-Tang have seemingly covered the earth to its furthest reaches. Influenced by negative experiences known to overcome the weak, they spread the message to MCs everywhere: "Watch your step, kid. 1 got your

where: Watchyour step, kid. 1 gory our back, but you better watch your front." Not many heads got the message of that song at all. Most of us never heard eight deep tear a track like that, plus some were too wrapped up in the rap to hear the page of history turn.

In his first foray with Tommy Boy as Prince Rakeem, RZA learned much about the rap industry hustle. It could be said that he was misled by A&R men who wanted to make "happy rap." But the best revenge would

"The formula that we trying to make is some family formula," says 0.D.B...."If I go platinum," says Meth, "the whole Wu go platinum."

come in time. GZA, a.k.a. the Genus, had a similar experience with Cold Killin' Records, a label that "misused what I invented." He was left to wonder, "Who's your ARR? / A mountain climber who plays an electric guitar? / But he don't know the meaning of dope, / When he's lookin' for a suit-and-tie rap that's cleaner than a bar of soap.

a oar or soap.

To every end there is a beginning. Like Ghost Face Killer and Chef said, it's either heaven or hell. The Chief Abbot schooled the brotherhood, identifying vital points on the main artery of the entertainment business. They diposed their own advice ("Protect

flipped their own advice ("Protect Ya Neck") and went for the jugular, concentrating their attack against the weakest level of the rap biz. What they began is a self-sufficient entity, which now dominates an entire industry. Follow the new leaders.

VIBE: It took years for the whole Clan to bounce simultaneously. How did the injustices that both RZA and GZA experienced in the industry affect the group?

ČHEF: All it was was a learning process. They was the fortunate ones out of the bunch who seen more and experienced it and brung it back home to us, and showed us thow to be more wiser, y'know? They didn't have to do that. We could have been the next niggaz to come in and get fucked up, get jerked or whatever. Experience is the best teacher.

RZA: Everything we doing it how we wanted. Nothing happened out of the ordinary, son. Everything is happening right. From Wu-Tang coming out, Method comin' out, to Dirty comin', to Rae and Ghost followin'. To the Zoo following, To Wu-Tang coming back again and then going into the next cipher with the Sons of Man. It's some well-planned shit we just gonna live out.

VIBE: Sounds like you're actually





glad it happened this way.

RZA: See one thing you gotta understand, everything go from knowledge to born through a complete cipher. And we gonna complete our cipher. It's pine niggaz-we gotta go from knowledge to born with those nine niggaz and come back. And once we go back, we going to another level with them.

VIRE: Are the Wu-Tang of today a part of the industo of top o mound

RZA: We sin't really industrialized as far as industry standards is considered Our way of thinking ain't industrialized. Like we said back in '03 when we first came out: We ain't trying to come in here as new artists, we gonna come in as what? The new industry. If you want real hip hop you gotta come to this source. You got brothers out there doing their shit: respect to them. But if you want the true-grain hip hop, man, shit that ain't influenced by nothing but hip hop...our music ain't influenced by nothing but real life

METH: Look at Death Row and shit Innovativeblew the fack up. They put a movie out that they did themselves Trust me we gonna do the same shit Word up. You ask me. I think they got they spark from us.

Cause W/u mor already self-made before they even came out. But maybe it's just that brothas had the same type of thoughtssometimes thoughts do collide like that

VIBE: How does your sound get its authenticity?

RZA: We bringing back the basement tanes. When you had the little-ass fuckin' 20-watt radio running around and not a tape of the Supreme Team and said "Ya!" You didn't know select the fuck it was We bringing that shit back Our shit is raw, 'cause it takes you right back to the basement. That's why you could relate to it

VIRE: I know that y'all don't like dealing in mysticism, but you gotta explain where the metaphor of Wus Tang came from

RZA: Not to get cought up in that philosophy but I'ma throw a lite the invest We come from Shoo Lin but what's our name? The Way Tang was the muth'z that rebelled against Shao Lin. That's what we represent. As far as that Manchu shit, the Wu-Tang is the ones who taught them. This is the reason why the technique was able to set all around the world. This is the reason why you hear niggaz copying our styles now.

VIRE: What's different about v'all and them?

a physical level. As for physically, yeah, everybody can get down with this But niggaz will never understand the mental sequence of it. The Wu-Tang Clan went out and displayed their techniques to all the Manchus but the mental secrets they never revealed. That just started netting revealed 500 years later. What we're doing now is going to he around for generations

O D B . The formula that we trying to make is some family formula But niggay ain't like that We trying to make peace on this angle and on the other angle. But you always gonna have some feisty niega who don't know nothing about neace so they want their own niece

VIRE: What kind of piece shot you last November?

O. D. B.: It was a .357.

VIRE: Describe the five seconds before you were shot No names no actions just tell me what you felt

O D B . When that our was in my RZA: The whole difference is like this: We take it on a mental and face, and words was taking place, all I felt

> "We ain't trying to come in here as new artists," savs RZA. "We gonna come in as what? The new *industry*. If you want real hip hop, you gotta come to this source

was. Get the fuck outta there. Then I just got held up answering questions by police and shit. News portraying all types of bullshit images of a nigga. I don't give a fuck. I ain't even trying to think about what people is thinkin' no more. It's all about me now, 'cause nobody was in that hospital hed with their eyes closed, almost fuckin' dving. Thank goodness for the motherfuckin' doctors. Fuck everybody else. Fuck the world. Fuck the universe.

VIBE: You're the only man I know who's been shot by a .357 and lived.

O.D.B.: That's why I know there's a reason for me to be here. I got love for niggas, man. I got love for bad niggas. VIBE: Even the nigga who shot you?

O.D.B.: That nigga's gettin' mad fuckin' props, man. Shoot a nigga like me? I'm a live nigga, boy.

The gods ain't crazy. In fact, as John Stuart Mill put it more than 100 years ago, "The great creative individual...is capable of more wisdom and virtue than collective man ever can be." Let's just say for the sake of fucking your head up that there was a parallel universe made up of total entertainment. The nine planets would bear these names; Chef Raekwon would be the Polo Planet. Master Killer would represent the planet Justice. Tical would rule Earth 'cause of its natural production of Meth. Ghost's shit, of course, would be invisible (which is consistent with his image as the Phantom). Ol' Dirty's would be called Planet Rock. Inspector Deck would rule over all information. Golden Arms commands the planet Understanding. Genius safeguards wisdom, which could be Pluto.



And RZA, no doubt, is on some other shit altogether.

VIBE: Let's go deep in space. There's nine planets and, at times, 9,000 of y'all. If the Sun is the music industry, how do you move

around it?

RZA: Everything follows law and order. The Earth is 93 million miles away from the Sun. If it was any closer, it'd burn. Each planet (or each member) got their direct distance from each other. If it was any closer, the gravitational pull from each planet would bring them to collide. So everything is operating in unison, following their own sequence and shit. That's what makes up the whole solar system: Wu and crew.

INSPECTOR DECK: The struggle was just to maintain the shit around me. That was my universe, my little planets that revolve around me, being the Sun. That was my problems, whether it be money or a place to live. But none of that made me want to give up the struggle.

VIBE: H.L. Mencken said, "If the average man is made in God's image, then such a man as Beethoven or Aristotle is plainly superior to God." Any comment on that?

RZA: I'm talking about being in the God dimension. That's where we comin' from. Every-

thing I make is coming from the God dimension. That's the whole science right there. And the meaning of God means what? To be a supreme being. Or to be supreme amongst other beings. It's only Five Percent people who do that....You get 100 muthafuckas, you only gonna find five. That's how erollin'.

The media says that Wu-Tang came from rags to riches. All we did was go from knowledge to born. We are here to show brothas that they determine their own destiny. The harder you bounce a ball, the higher it go. We've been bounced to the bottom, slammed down hard, and we bounced back up. We're here to represent the state of the state of the state of the ringger here. You could look at each one of us and find every characteristic of every nigga in your projects.

CHEF: We're just building on keepin' shit together, you know? This is Born Power hour. The Clan got shit locked down for the next five years. Right now, we're preparing for the Illuminati 2000, which is the Masons' plan for New World Order. We got a videotape of these muthafuckaz droppin' all types of shit about how they plan to run shit in the year 2000 and better.

[At this point, Golden Arms, a.k.a. U-God, who bas seemed anxious at the turn in conversation, looks up from his lap and shakes his head in unquestionable agreement.]

U-GOD: Word life, yo! This shit ain't no joke! These muthafuckas got plans to put microchip implants in babies, so that they can

be able to find yo' ass wherever you are! Yo! They're gonna give everybody plastic credit cards to replace money. We tellin' you the truth, son. It's gonna be some shit!

truth, son. It's gonna be some shit!

CHEF: We gotta do what we gotta do by enlightening the youth about what they got planned, knowhumsayin? Wu-Tang are messengers. If we don't do the knowledge, who will? Niggaz think that the Clan is just us, but we got a squad that's righteous. We'll roll anytime, anwhere for instince.

[U-God has been shaking his head as if Chef is lying or something. As soon as Chef drops it, U-God nicks up the moord.]

U-God picks up the sword.]
U-GOD: We all gonna die, yo! Word up!
We all gonna die.

CHEF: Brothers don't realize these are the last days. That's why we so tightly knit. We gotta blow this shit up now, or else we ain't gonna have another chance. When you really think, Yo, this whole world is corrupted to an extent...Everything Illuminait is a belief, but at the same time, it's no religion. We dealin' with facts, just like we dealing with the planets and all that. It's deep.

[Finally, the invisible planet abruptly speaks.] GHOST: Aye yo, kill that shit, son.

CHEF: Word up, 'cause this shit can get niggaz killed for real. Let's stop here.

In the words of my man Ol' Dirty, "Baby, are you tapin'?!" Maybe one day, someone, somewhere will read this article and understand how serious the situation is. A. Ralph Epperson wrote a book on this mind-bending conspiracy, *The New World Ordet* (Publius Press). "The great strength of

our Order lies in its concealment, "said Professor Adam Weishaupt, who founded the Illuminati in 175. "Let in tener appear in any place in its own name, but always covered by another name, and anotheer occupation." Can you believe the balls on that guy? He even tells you where to look. "None is fitter than the three the public is accustomed to fit, expects little from it, and therefore takes little notice of it."

Is it any wonder why the message of the Shao Lin rebbs is so intense? These are urgent times. Despite the opposition, these new world heroes have really turned nothing, into something, and the only way to do that it by first believing in self. The Wu-Tang Clan have the ability to demonstrate high-flying verbal acrobatics to the tune of flow-hitting, driny music that cuts through clouded minds like a Ginus knife.

Thanks for your time, gentlemen. Seems we've gone a few hours over the limit. However, the interview was filled with shiny jewels...I just wish I had remembered to press RECORD.









time to be responsible for your kids," says BLACK-street member Levi Little in the rec room at Teddy Riley's Future Records Recording Studios. "Even if you're not married to the mother," adds Riley.

It's a wet, foggy day in Virginia Beach. The spacious room is littored with all the newest toys. "It's like that when you got Teddy around," laughs chauncey Hannibal as he points to the largest pile of playthings. Never mind the multitude of gold and platinum albums on the walls—the space is definitely kid-riendly.

And with so many male singers bumping and grinding these days, maybe more people should address the idea of fatherhood. Even when the artists are daddies in real life, fatherly images rarely infiltrate music videos. Riley, Little, Hannibal, and David Hollister are all proud twentysomething fathers, and they want to show it. In the video for their new single, "Joy," a song originally written for Michael Jackson's Dangerous, the quartet serve what they call "heavy R&B" with help from a 30-piece orchestra. And in a flip of the script, their young daughters star in the video. But Hollister says fame doesn't make dealing with fatherhood any easier. "All our kids are happy when they see us on TV-but they'd much rather have us be at home."

Together since late 1991, BLACKstreet are no carbon copy of Guy, Riley's last platinum group. The sound of BLACKstreet's secand single. "Before I Let You Go" (which propelled their self-titled debut to platinum status), is more reminiscent of R&B ballads made famous by the Deele, Force M.D.'s. and DeBarge, Hollister, Little, and Hannibal developed their craft doing background vocals for people like Patti LaBelle, Bobby Brown, and Mary J. Blige. And while Riley's talents are better known, the rest of the crew play, write, and produce as well as sing.

The members of the group vow that it will last as long as their BLACKstreet tattoos, and they say that even if people sieep on the "Joy" video, they believe it's a mission well accomplished.

"Our joy is our children," emphasizes Riley, pointing at some color photos of his three daughters. "Even if no one likes it, we love it. It's our best home video."





The cast of Living Single are enjoying their slot in the prime-time spotlight, but they also work hard to keep it real. Behind the scenes, Ricky Lee finds that their all-in-the-family attitude keeps them on top. Photographs by Lisa Leone

If is a cold, rainy afternoon in Burbank, and I'm on the Warner Bros. Studio lot waining alongaide oblen Henton, who plays the affable is yet sery Overton (Obie) on Fox I'v s. Living Single. We are headed toward Sound Stage 30, where the top-rated network show among African-American households is taped. Having just finished a reading of this week's sortific, everybody—Queen Latifal high opportunity. Kinadjah, the around-the-way glir/imagazine editor), Kim Coles (Khadigih a Could synclare), Kim Fidold (the Opportunity of the Coles (Khadigih a Could Synclare), Kim Fidold (the Opportunity of the Coles (Khadigih a Could Synclare), Kim Fidold (the Opportunity of the Coles (Khadigih a Could Synclare), Kim Fidold (the Opportunity of the Coles (Khadigiha Could Synclare), Kim Fidold (the Opportunity of the Coles (Khadigiha Could Synclare), Kim Fidold (the Opportunity of the Coles (Khadigiha Could Synclare), Kim Fidold (the Opportunity of the Coles (Khadigiha Could Synclare), Kim Fidold (the Opportunity of the Opportunity of the Opportunity of the Coles (Khadigiha Coles), The Coles (Khadigiha Could Synclare), The Coles (Khadigiha Could Synclare), The Coles (Khadigiha Coles), The Co

"This is the first time we have three story lines in one show," Henton says. "There's Max oping to get a tattoo, Kiyê dating a princess, and then there are the pool hall scenes"—which involve Khadijsh and Synclaire trying to win back \$200 that Obie has lost to some pool sharks.

As we pass through the partitioned areas that make up the familiar Brooklyn apartment, the sound of hearty laughter can be heard above the din of production assistants speaking into microphones. Carpenters are pounding on planks of wood that will be miraculously transformed into a pool hall, a tattoo parlor, and a trendy restaurant in just a few hours. No less miraculous is the casual camaraderie among the show's cast and crew. The process of bringing an episode to life is long: There are two days of script readings, an informal rehearsal before a network audience at 3:30, and the real taping four hours later. Latifah, Fields, and Alexander are going over a scene in the living room. Fields reads her part, which isn't supposed to be funny, and starts laughing. "That sounds like a line from a really old Facts of Life," she explains. Suddenly, almost on cue, Latifah and Alexander fall out on the sofa, cracking up. Fields describes this type of real-life comedy as a survival technique. "We have each other's back," she says,

"Pretty much what you saw today is what we'll shoot tomorrow," says the show's creator and executive producer, Yvette Lee Bowser. Later, she'll washe hit hat peo of today's rehearsal, make any necessary script a djustments, then work on scripts for future shows with her crew of writers, one of the most ethnically diverse in hollywood. "We'll have an audience here tomorrow," says the 29-year-old, who started as a writer's apprentice on A Different World," and if there are things wethink are not as furn we she vocuble be, we'll be comine up

with stuff in between shows that will make it better."

It's a challenge getting a moment with the female cast members (they're all so busy), but during their breaks I sak seach to explain her character. "Regime is shallow by choice," says Fields, fauphing. "I like to say that I'm everything that I prehend to be." Is Efficia as careerminded as Max? "What else is there other than your career?" she responds, seeming serious. How about Coller's I sake anything like the daify and lovable Synclair? "If you take out the sawry part of me," she says, "then I could be Synclairs."

As for Queen Latifah, what's it like doing a weekly Tv show ont op of her other demanding roles as entertainer and record exec? "I'm not used to having a nine-to-five job," she says. Does this mean that the Queen may not be into television for the long hau?" "Nah," she answers, shaking her head and smilling. "I'm not going to be doing a MYA'S'Honyou."

The 3:30 taying has begun. All is going well—except the restaurant scene. Kyle and the princess are seated at their table. They are approached by her highness's long-lost friend. He says his lines. The audience does not laugh. The director yells "Cut!" The actor tries again—everal times and still incresponse. In the control room,

where the producers are watching, a decision is being made. The actor will have to be replaced, immediately. The scene will be funnier once the 7:30 taping begins. And the show will go on.

And so will the cast of Living Single. They know they have a good thing in this highly rated stroom, but that the world of prime time can be flavor-of-the-moment. So each star is working another gig on the side: directing, doing stand-up, performing Shakespeare, and hostling awards shows. In Hollywood, remember, anything can happen. That's why Henton says his motto for "5s is "Parlay, parlay, parlay."







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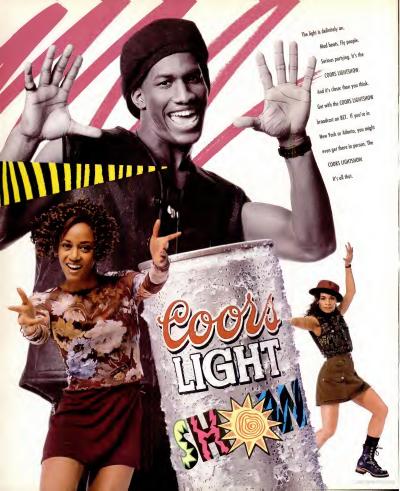


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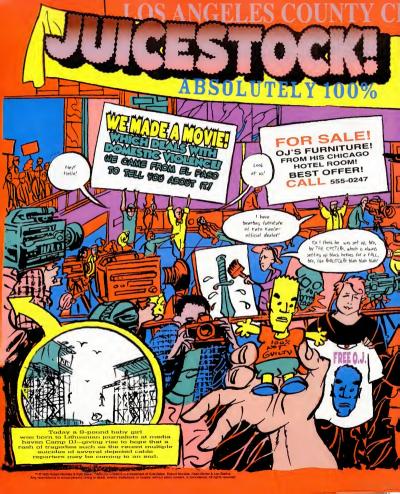
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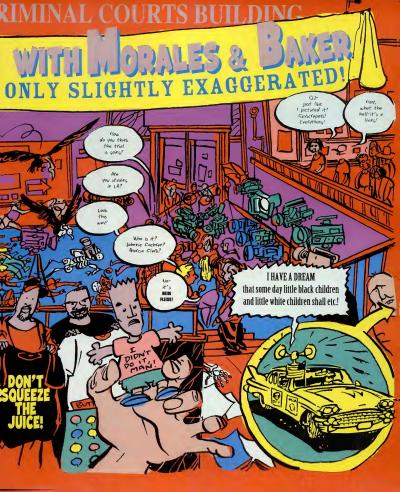
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The triumphant publication of I Want To Tell You defied a view shared by many book industry pundly-that the public's Osmania could not be sustained! Angelenos will 40 on at 4 reat length to LA vistors about how



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it a said truth is attanger than fiction-and nowhere is that clearer than the case of OJ Surason' Today, we'll ear from three acclaimed West Coast mystery novelists and set their take on the murder trial of the century! W Withre, ARA Robert Crais, writes the acerbic and smart-ass Blus Cole series, set in the breezy lastlanes of LA society-the latest of which is Kondon River.

Gar Anthony Haywood graciously cut into his bowling schedule to be here. He's best known for his bleak urban-LA Auton Gunner books-as well as the mercifully furny Bad News Travels Fast, our soon used to be ruce but then I went to law school," says our final quest. Lia Matera. She writes legal mysteries—the hate-hearted, cutting Wills Jansson novels, and the amazingly brutal Laura D. Palma books, of which Designer



Bob, what does this thal mean to people in LA?

Thus as the trial of the California mediciary system. When you get big, high-profile cases things just simply break down and cease functioning the way reasonable people believthey should I look at the defense team and at the local media and at Gul Garcetti-a man over his bead who shouldn t have the yob of DA-as all being co-conspirators in madness they either actively or passively cospired to make this a case about race The end result is that no satter what happens to OJ-LA s gonna be the worst off for it and that is a major tragedy



A lot of the frustretion people feel is that

regardless of how long it takes to resolve.

you re never really gonna get to the truth-They II probably reach a verdict of some

rt and the media will call it e resolution

but I have the sense that we II never really

I don t think the prosecution has that good a case. Proving that he was e wife bester is all well and good, but they heven t proved he s e had father, that he would slaughter has wafe when has kids were asleen upstears If OJ as acquitted end the public egrees with the ecquittal then none of the dire consequences Bob talked about will really come to pass



is has the trail been an effective shouldbe for zerrain men's 155465?

If neanie were willing to take an unnomiar step and analogues to certain attitudes in our bloodsport society, maybe But they re basically just pointing to one guy and lyang, 'Oh, you know, he beat this woman This so really had How could anybody arque with that? People are afraid to say any nove than that-you we got this football player to a the most amped-up, nuche guy and every ce in a while he gets drun# and thinks it s okay to beat up his wife. On one level, yes. u must blane every individual for what they On another level. I don't know how much of that is the bloodsport mentality of



Assuming Gar a right and well never per co the horsem of this, here's your chance to tunwith the story-

Ron Goldman-I would sero in on him. because he s the most interesting Was he e ladies man, or wasn t he? Was be day? Was be a friend or a lover? I meen, the questions are

endless about the guyre not epeculating as to the real Ron Goldman, are you now You re epeculeting as if you re writing this as a serial-that particular character, when you

hedging

1101

He was allowing for

reasonable doubt



Rom Shipp would be the true Killer You know how he was on the stand, going into that hig thrysose thing about being OJ's servant, and he seemed to feel so bed about Nicole, and nothing he has said basn t been contradicted by OJ- I mean, maybe at sa mulousy thing



Note a base of feeding off model for

The day is the One of the first true bero of problems I had with OJ being I a really arrested for impressed by murder was-from that dog the very first running back and forth time they interrogated him trying to get downtown, and people to go to let his ap-I that house. couldn't and barking understand if I = really he a quilty boy hoping that he he ever convinced defrauded app 've seen the man act-and he s









ay, we're running out of souce. But I wanted to ask auckly about all the people who succeedy believe OJ's being rainsacted because he's black-

anything!

terrible!



















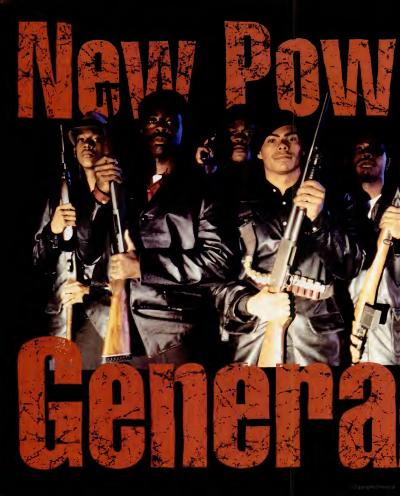


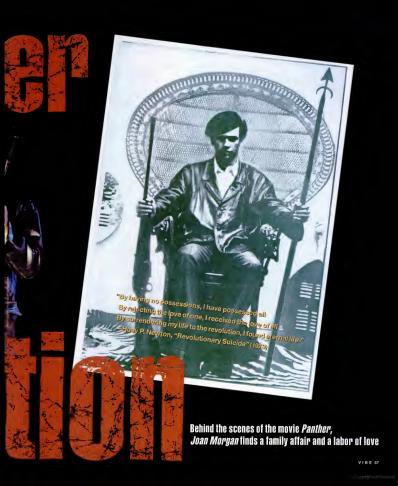












et's June 1994, but it's hotter than July in East Los Angeles and the camera are rolling. A little brown boy is riding his bike on a residential street lined with the kind of Cars that in spire low wider wet dreams: Chewy and Buicks that take us back to Oakland in 1966. With the cyes of the neighborhood on him, the boy pedals nonchalantly into an intersection and freezes the moment he hearts the more of an nonoming ear. The driver can't stop in time, and the boy is knocked off his bike and thrown onto the payement. Frantin reighbor nuth to find his lifeless, contorted body soaked in a pool of bloom.

The scene is all too familiar to these people, many of whom have filed complaints about the lack of a traffic light at this deadly crossroad. They've prayed, marched, and written their local congressman, but still there's no justice. Then some young boyz in the 'hood-barely out of their teens—decide to take matters into their own hands

While the Black Panthers are often dismissed as "common street thugs" or racist agitators, this film presents them as community organizers who stressed education,



or drink 440 in the child's memory; they don't even sing or rap. They stand on that street corner every day and direct traffic to save black lives. It's the first revolutionary statement of the newly formed Black Panther Party for self-defense. And it's the first live-action sequence of Mario Van Peebles's Panther.

Sho in Northern and Southern California over a fenetic 9 day with included six-day workweeks on a meage 78 F-million-plus budget (which meant the cast and crew worked for havely union scale, Pamber is lake film guernilla-style. What held everyone together was the understanding that his project was a labor of low. Stiring on the stain of the rickety, steel gray trailer that serves as his dressing room, Marcus Chong (tellar as the charismatic Panther cofounder Huey P. Newton) sums up the ego-free attitude that pervaded the set. "I would have done anything to be a part of this," he says. "If Mr. Mario Van Feebles wanted me to cole and utter toolie in his dressing room, I'd do that. I'm just happy to be a part of this all-important revolutionary thing:

For much of the hip hop generation, the Panthers-

is seen through the eyes of Judge (a stunning Hardison in his first nonconnectic role), a fictional, a political Viernam wet who's all about poing to college and keeping his nose clean. After his friend Cy (Tumen) persuades thim to go to a meeting and listen to the ballistic, rightroots wisdom of Panther Founders Newton and Bobby Seels (Vance), he reluctantly becomes a member. As the dramaun fields, Judge's commitment to the Panthers deepenes, and he accepts Newton's command to become a double agent and inform on the PEI.

Written by the don dads of black cinema, Melvin Van Peebles, from his asy-etunpublished novel, Panther's based on actual historical events. Mano's father exhibits appirt of self-deventination mirrong that of the reallife Panthers. His own sense of purpose makes him hope that his sixth fearure the's also created 25 shorts and five theartical musically will impire young folks to take charge bushed of the properties of the properties of the properties of bushed of mother function is not the same as controlling your destiny," the 30-year film veteran points out. "It's not about that false sense of empowement. It's about the actual degree of empowerment. And the powers that be have been very careful not to let the young people know the difference between the two."

Aware that Pambre would be an intro lesson for many, the Van Peteblese decided to focus on the party's accomplishments, rather than incorporate many conflicting interpretations. Not suprisingly, Pambré su ucompromising message of African-American self-empowerment met considerable resistance from Itolywood types. They didn't think Pambre would be a movie that black people would be interested in; "explains Mario, who accepted a fee from Gramercy Pictures that was three times less than what he reportedly commands." The ligger studies wouldn't give us final cut, and that was what we wanted. If people don't like the movie, it's on my dad and me. There wasn't any executive in a suit telling us what we couldn't say."

Producer Preston Holmes, a 20-year veteran of black cinema, notes that it would have been easier to get finan-cial support for a film like Panther if all the black folks who wore. "X caps had actually gone to see the Spike Lee cpic. There's a lot of talk about what Hollywood will and won't let black people do and see, "he says." I don't buy that. The bottom line is that Hollywood will allow anything to be made that Hollywood fells will make money. Panther is another chance for people to put their money where their mounts are."

Bokeen Woodbine's not stressing. The new jack actor known for fleshing out the complexities of "regular inggas" onscreen can't imagine young black folls and checking for Pauler. "The type of people who went to see Strapped won't have no trouble, won't need no pushing top ose Pauler," he says. "Even though the subject matter is totally different, it still has to do with black people suffering trying to offect at change. That's a story most black people in the inner city can relate to. Everybody wants to do better. That's what Diquan (the character he portrayed) in Strapped was trying to do, and that's what Paulers were trying to create.

Back on the set, the temperature's rising in Oakland. The principals take their place on the stari of the Alameda County courthouse, ready to film a pivotal demonstration scene. Decked our in full Panther regalia- better, truthenceks, and leather jackets (all back)—and armed with rifles, they invoke the fiery spirits of their characters. Warkingthe actors run stoically through take after take in the summer sun proves black has the ability to absorb intense hear and till remain and, mad cool.

Suddenly the set grows silent as Mario picks up a megaphone. For another director, his fictional scene of Newton, Scale, and comrades storming the courhouse to protest yet an other cold-bloode dumuler in the black community would have taken no more than five minutes to shooe. But Mario can't resist the opportunity to school the gathening of you or se extra son exactly why they should be "fired up" and "taking no more." You know we all say education is the answer, "Bell lament intant culture to socialize you to better point of view. For me, making this movie was peeling off whan I dearned about the slavery and the victimization."

It would please him to know that Hardison refers to Mano's turnoil assistoms with the principals—hours of lectures, videotapes, and reading—as "the best class I could have taken with the best black history teacher in the world. Heardmon there," says Hardison, "than I did in my whole 12 years of school. I couldn't get enough of hearing about the youngs 19, 20-year-old cat stath wasn't taking no more. Cause that was me." His voice lowers. That about the beam en."



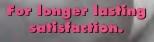








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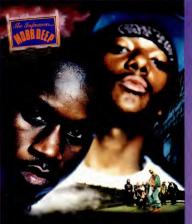








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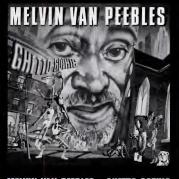
LIFE IS GONNA PUT SOME GREASE

UNDER YOUR FEET, SON

BUT ALWAYS REMEMBER MAMA LOVES YOU, SON

AND THE RACE

IT AIN'T OVER UNTIL THE LAST INCH IS RUN"



MELVIN VAN PEEBLES - GHETTO GOTHIC MUSIC THAT VIOLATES THE RULES OF MUSICAL THINKING

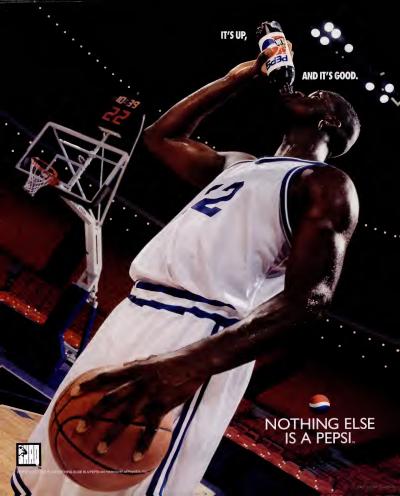
With a career that spans four decades, Melvin Van Peebies continues to do breakthrough work in film, theater and music. The new album, Ghetto Gothic, is the most recent example of his restless creativity and ambition.

Produced and Conceived by Melvin Van Peebles

D 1995 Capital Records, Inc.

Other







hype williams

Hype Williams is disgusted. "There are so many jobs people don't know about," says the 25-year-old video director after speaking at yet another panel on the college lecture circuit. "I'm desperately trying to introduce young black talent to this industry. From day one, I said if I blew up, it makes sense that others benefit."

The humble Queens native (who says he was "hyperactive as a child") learned his craft by starting at the ground level. After a stint at Adelphi University, he dropped out

to work at Classic Concept Productions, a Jodeci, Adina Howard, missjones, Brandy, company owned by video director Lionel Martin. "While everybody was watching Big Daddy Kane, Biz Markie, and Public Enemy videos at home," says Williams, "I was on his first feature film this year. While he's those sets sweeping floors."

Five years later, in 1993, Williams launched his own company, Big Dog Films. "Label people knew me from when I dropped off tapes for Lionel," he says. "I never had an agent." Work came quickly in the form of videos for Craig Mack, Naughty by Nature,

the Notorious B.I.G., and Dr. Dre.

Now Williams feverishly directs an average of four videos a month and will debut pleased with his success, he knows he has to keep building. "I'm trying to get to the level of the bigger cats: Mark Almanac, David Fincher, Stephane Sednaoui. I don't feel comfortable with myself as an artist," Williams admits, "I'm still trying to get my shit to look right." Mimi Valdés











tube nieria centen

The only woman with the distinct honor of having whipped Jean-Claude Van Damme's behind happens to be a soul sister named Gloria Reuben from Toronto, "Well, actually, I wouldn't

put it like that," she says coyly, "but that's how it ended up." While Reuben's kick-ass feature film debut in last year's Timecop made critics stand up and take notice, her current roles will go down in television history. It's not often that an ethnic actress is cast by such big-time Hollywood directors as Barry Levinson and Steven Spielberg for such popular TV series as Homicide: Life on the Streets and ER. "That blows my mind," Reuben says, "I think God got some angels watching out for me." Karu F. Daniels

Shoot maby

Text and photos by Lisa Leon

Moby's new video, "Into the Blue," was inspired by the sci-fi classic The Man Who Fell to Earth. Director Dani Jacobs is shooting in New York: on the Brooklyn Bridge, the West Side Highway, and Wall Street. Later, in London, the techno star will be shot in a giant tank of water-naked, if the record company will allow it. But right now, the main concern is a rainstorm heading toward Manhattan.

Moby, who played classical, jazz, speed metal, hardcore, and punk for 20 years before going industrial, is standing on the roof of his East Village apartment building, with big black air vents sticking up all around him, "You couldn't find a better location," he says.

The song is about not being comfortable in your surroundings. Appropriately, Moby is wearing a pristine Hugo Boss suit, Emma from Mute/Elektra U.K. can't get over how "smart" he looks. "Everyone is used to seeing him in a Tshirt and jeans," she says.

The crew is setting up the last shot. The sun is going down, and it's about to pour, Jacobs and the cameraman are trying to match the light in the sky with Moby's face. The shot comes together just in time, and the rain comes thrashing down.

film 'maying the mountain'





documentary of the 1989 Tianani Square student uprising in China, is perhaps the definitive film about mass protest. Through the eyes of Li Lu, then a 23-

year-old student, Apted presents rare footage of students leaving their various hometowns to descend on Belling for what was to become one of the greatest challenges to the Chinese ruling power orthodoxy. As the government cracks down, a movement creates itself. Apted examines the ideological debates between student leaders, splicing together scenes from the massacre with a roundtable discussion of young leaders nov



exiled in the United States. Some of the arguments still rage on. "This film is

important not

only for China, but also for the rest of the world," says LI Lu, who currently studies economics and law at Columbia University, "It should inspire generations after to fight, because you need inspiration to get beyond the boundaries of your individual helplessness and ioneliness."



DOSE navia

Navia Nguyen knows that success has its downside. "You want to hear the cons of modeling?" she asks. "I haven't had a date since April!" April 1994, that is, when photographer Juergen Teller snapped Nguyen's picture and showed it to French Vogue, which promptly commissioned an eight-page story on her.

If that job put a damper on romance, then subsequent spreads in American Vogue, Harper's Bazaar, and Mirabella, along with ads for Benetton and Katharine Hamnett, have put the Vietnamese- and Chinese-American model's love life on indefinite hold. But Nguyen is ready for more, suggesting "It would be nice for an Asian girl to do the cover of a major magazine," a combination that most notably happened in 1988, when June Kano landed on the cover of Elle.

George Speros, Nguyen's booker at the I'M NY agency, definitely sees an ace in her cards. "From the

moment she came in," he says, "we saw an innate sensuality." That's

an image in sharp contrast to the demure, obsequious dolls in the Western media's typical take on Asian women.

"If it happens, you can't do it halfway," Nguyen says of her career. "And if I'm doing something, you better stay out of my way." Angelo Ragaza



tech shand

Mastering a video game has never been as hard as finding opponents to master. The new XBand Video Game Modern and Network solves that problem. The \$69.95 device snaps into a Sega Genesis and Super NES machine and then hooks into your phone, connecting you with other players anywhere in the world. The real question is whether you'll suffer more from constant defeat or from the \$7.95 base monthly service charge.



Here are some of the places fiction and nonfiction can take you while you're under the sun.

April Sinclair's Coffee Will Make You Black (Avon) is an African-American woman's coming-of-age story set during the civil rights movement, when black was first being recognized as beautiful....Woodholme: A Black Man's Story of Growing Up Alone (Farrar, Straus & Giroux) is journalist Dewayne Wickham's autobiographical account of the '60s and his experience as an





orphan coping with a rocky path to adult success....David Lamb's Do Plátanos Go Wit' Collard Greens? Write What I Like) asks if love between a black man and a Latina woman can survive the tumultuous backdrop of racial politics, police corruption, and the 1993 New York City mayoral election....In B-Boy Blues (Alvson), James Earl Hardy proves the feeling of black love is just as dizzving and gratifying when boy meets boy....Mixing Haitian and African-American experiences, novelist Edwidge Danticat brews a literary masala of short stories in Krik? Krak! (Soho)....Black students examine relationships, school, and their futures via poetry, essays, and

personal narratives in Testimony (Beacon Press), edited by Natasha Tarpley....Valerie Wilson Wesley's When Death Comes Stealing (Avon) engulfs readers in an urban murder mystery, guided by a private investigator/single mom who must find a stalker of young African-American men....Combining Zora Neale Hurston's best works in two volumes called Hurston (Library of America), editor Cheryl A. Wall clearly affirms the Harlem Renaissance writer's place among great American literature. Unexpurgated, neverbefore-published material makes this collection a treasure. Omoronke Idowu





LOOK

Stage pamela sneed

everybods have the gay-

If K and will be accompanies by large at Man lone. Doe There-



Hip hop stars who come out at night and want to get fresh, fly. and fabulous-like the ones shown here at the 1995 Soul Train Awards in Los Angeles-are opting for lily white formal attire to sparkle





and Queen Latifah put on their bleached







design stamps of doom

First Issue Reserved Edition, a New York-based artists' collective of one, designs and sells fake, politically irreverent postage stamps. Made "to confuse your grandchildren," according to the stamps' French-born creator, known only as FIRE, the collectibles honor dubious persons and moments in American history. Don't know what it is, but there's something about a stamp adorned with a .45 or a burning flag that just says America. So be patriotic and send the best! For more information: FIRE, Pyrodise, 271 East 10th Street, Suite 53, New York, NY 10009. Harry Allen







LOOK

gear mesh

It's hot as hell outside, and you'd like to be buck naked on the street. But the law's not having it. Try on the next best thing to nude: mesh clothing that breathes—here by Addas, Karl Kani, Poople Color, and X-Large.



If you tried to explain how Arthel Neville got to be cohost of the entertainment news show Extra, you might mention her show-biz background. Her key-boardist dad, Art, and her musician uncles are the legendary Neville Brothers. But it was journalistic skills that got the New Orleans native her big break back in 1991. As the original host of El Entertainment Television's Extrame Clave Up, Neville went deep into the minds of such notables as Anthony Hopkins, Luther Vandross, and Bill Cooby. Indeed, her incisive interviewing once brought tough guy Lou Gossett Jr. to team.

But even with the success of Extra, the recently married 32-year-old takes nothing for granted. "I will be the first to tell you that I am very blessed," she says. "I'm just letting everybody know that this certainly doesn't

happen ovemight, and without exercising a tremendous amount of diplomacy. And that, as
you know, can be
stressful. I don't care
how high on the
totem pole you get.
The struggle continues."

H.A.











actor jehe leguizame

Howeof Baggia", the first Latin variety show on Fox, has become a wild showcase for John Leguizamo's colorful charactern-come culled from Mambo Mouth, his Obie Award-winning one-man stage show, and Spite-O-Ramu. Born in Bogotá, Colombia and bred in Queens, Leguizamo credits his chameleonlike abilities to a childhood spent on the move. "Jackson Heighs is the biggest melting post in the world," explains the writes/performer. "Hindus, Jamaicans, Latins, Jew., you name it-every-body lived there and rubbed off on mel" Leguizamo is also known for performing in drag, which he does again as Chi Chi in the upcoming film To Wong Foo, Thousel, for Everything, Julie Newmar, costarring Wesley Snipes and Patrick Swayze. Meanwhile, his House of Boggin' faces are fat too many to count. Here's a selection:

Kogi Ono, the bespectacled brother of Yoko Ono and host of *The Kogi Show*: "How do I do it? I don't know, I just do it!"



Chicano Militant, the goateed, hair-netted announcer of the pirate broadcast show Chicano Militant Minute: "You Garth-Brooks-listening, Putt-Putt-golf-playing, Snapple-drinking Anglo wannabes can run...but you can't hide!"

Caffeine, the redheaded drama queen of the Uptown Voguing Troupe: "This vogue goes out to Richard Gere for leaving that tired Cindy Crawford!"

Blaine Alexander, the platinum-toupeed president of IAM: "If you're tired of being deported, you've got friends at Illeral Alien Makeovers!" Deborah Gregory

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TERENCE TRENT D'ARBY'S VIBRATOR BY ELYSA GARDNER



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Every month we'll be asking 3 new questions on which we want your opinion. The following month we'll print the poll results and offer new questions.

In honor of Black Music Month, Sprite sends a special shout out to Black Music pioneers and innovators everywhere. Obey Your Thirst!

Do you feel today's artists lack originality when they use samples in their songs?

Press 1 for YES - Press 2 for NO

Does urban radio represent the full spectrum of Black music?

Press 1 for YES - Jess 2 for NO

In many cases, film soundtracks fair better on the charts than the films they represent. What influences your decision to see a film the sometrack or the actual film?

Press 2 for ACTUAL FILM

April Poll Results: (1). Most of you ore true to hip-hop and choose not to believe everything the medio says obout it. Only 33% of you believe the media hype. (2). The world may never know which coast has the most hip-hop flove because 47% praised the east and 53% of you gave the props to the west. (3). 62% said stand up and recognize...hip-hop is a culture. 38% limited hip-hop to just music and feshion.

And that idea may explain in part why the singer has titled his new album Terence Trent D'Arby's Vibrator—a collection of songs he's referring to as his "spiritual coming out."

Of course, the reason we allow guys like D'Arby their pretensions—not to mention flagrant lapses in judgment like D'Arby's new close-cropped, blond 'do (which makes him resemble a studlier Jada Pinkett)—is that, if you'll pardon the pun, they put out. Vibrator is an ambitious, often brilliant cycle of songs

Vibrator is an ambitious, often brilliant cycle of songs ruminating on sex, faith, love, and death, and all the fascinating, frustrating connections that exist between those four main food-for-thought groups.

DAtby has always been a daring, intuitive musician. His last alway. 1993's Symphony or Cerun, was impaccably textured and full of sublime, icliosymcratic bursts of melody and rhythm. On Vibrator, he confronts the desires and fears that inspire his songwriting head-on, and with an urgency that lends the music a pulsating resonance. The album takes a proven artistic savant to the next level—DAtby's become an artist with a distinct, profoundly comnedling vices.

But that doesn't mean that he always has something profoundly compelling to say. Vibrator's first AND I BELIEVE IN YOU."

a psychedelic wet dream, driven by a male fantasy as stereotypical as the till

a psychosic rection and in vier by a finish many as size only public date in using implies (on a stripped-down, lo-fireprise, "Supermodel Sandwich WCheese," DAtby droots, "Besta, besta, best of all / You'reb), bi, bi,". On "CxF.M.L.A.7" that stands for "Can You Feel My. Love Around You?"—the singer declares, "Though I need my soul for the next world / I need my body for this one (and yous). "Then helaunches into an extended come—on, his distorted vice bouncing through the hip hop arrangement, dizzy with lust."

Only a few of the songs on Vibrator shoot purely from the groin, though. More often, DVAy looks to lower for self-knowledge, guidance, or evalaviation. On the driving ballad "Holding On to You," he marvets, "Why me? / Of all the tough-talking boys? / I guess she heard my heartbeat through the mode. On the more fragile "Undeniably," with its flourishes of synthesizer and wahwah guitar, he sings with a more ephemeral air of tendemess and graftfude, comparing a woman to an angel destined to return to her cloud.

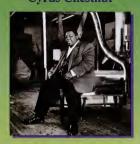
D'Atby's silvery tenor has never sounded more graceful or vibrant than it does on moments like these, and the music in general has an exalted, almost supernatural feel to it. Songs like the title track and the crisp, sumptuous "Read My Lips (Dig You's Scenel" offset stamming funk passages with groups code drawn interfudes, as if to suggest that camal and spiritual fove are mutually compatible viruse—flip sides of the same cosmic coin. "I don't believe in the existence of sin," he sings on the airly soulful "Surrender." "But I believe in me! And I believe in you."

Me and you never last forever, though, at least not in this world, and the brevity of life is a topic that DAYby doesn't shy away from. "If You Go Boffore Me" is a sparse, lovely ballad, reminiscent in structure (and in DArby's radiant oxcall orivinage Stebet Worder. The shaper evokes the pain of losing a lovel ow with a haunting pathos. On the more sinister-counding "Resurrection," he uses a Frank Zappa-style approach—puxtaposing chunky guitar riffs and deep, omisous vocals with jazzy percussion and flute—while obsessing over another angel, this time a dark one, and worrying about the little deaths his soul suffers every day.

But as D/Arby finally resolves in the latter song, hope and joy are always posshillities, and earthy pleasures can become our licket for transcendency. The final track on Tevence Trent (D/Arby's Vibrator) is a gentle, atmospheric number called "It's Been Said", "which confirms that the three most banal and most prilound words in the English language are "I love you." It's a perfect codd to the album— a moment of divine afterplay, delivered like a heavenly kiss. And like the songs that precede it, it reveals the kind of instinctive wisdom that can only come from the warm, throbbing organ that should ultimately rule all red-blooded men: the heart.



"A Personal Statement" This Month: Cyrus Chestnut



Deforming since he was 7, Cyrac Chestant's professional currer has included working with Wijnen Marsalls, Tereore Blanchard, Sathlers Battle and Betty Carter. With this resume, it was no wonder that this planisticomposer's debat album, Revision (Altattic Records) was considered by many to be one of the best Jaze records (194; "The Nutman", as he is known by others, his just released his second album, The Dart Before The Down. He says of those recording. Wheth of the process involved in getting that the Prown. He says of those recording. Wheth of the process involved in getting that the Prown. He says of the serve recording. Wheth of the process involved in getting that the Prown. He says of the serve recording wheth of the process involved in getting that the Prown of High language (194) and the Prown of High lang

"You are renowned as a musical pioneer. What types of music, and which artists helped to shape your artistic vision?"

People who have mude a great mark...In studying music, I do my best to study as many different propiet as Faus, she list is would be very long, Of Lay musicians who have had a great influence on me, I would list Wyston Marsalis, Terence Blanchard, Donald Harrison, and Tom McHottob. Kathlen faust list has also been a ling influence. Everyone influences me, whether I'm influenced what to do or what not to do. There are specific people who have detected a past In mill We here I will always remember them for their people who have detected a past In mill We here I will always and because of their invariant. All of these people have pushed me forevard musicalish, and so, because of their invariations in Style, and because of their invariant musical marks, these people have given me something to strive for in the sense of being an artist.

Going outside of jazz, I'd also have tu mention George Clinton and King Curtis. King Curtis was the very first instrumental record I ever beard, and it blew my mind. Stevie Wonder of course – he prohably has influenced everyone. Floyd Cramer.

"How would you like your style to be perceived?"

As a style that is understood by many, that lifts people up, and at the same time is still accessible. In per lame a style that the byman, the guy who jac essaulty listens to music, can appreciate. And yet, for the afficientade, it must silmulate them, I would like my style to always be on the cutting edge, to keep veryone on other trees. But essentially, I want to make people happy. If someone is feeling had, I want them to feel better after thee bear my music. I want to create something that's upperfitting.

"Is that from a spiritual concern?"

A spiritual background, definitely. I think that's just a mission in my life.





All That and a Bag

D-Knowledge

An African-American poet, D-Knowledge inherits a long and complex tradition. In West Africa, poets (girols) Anaped with the task of relating typic traditor) in the inherit poets of the inherit p

Today, things are a bit different. A wack poet might get his ego bruised but does get to keep his/her head. It's all good, though—because honing the craft is what being a good poet is all about. And California-based D-Knowledge is one of the best.

On his debut, the spoken-word disc All That and a Bag of Words, Knowledge's high-pitched voice with its rapid-fire fluidity echoes the awesome tone of the Watts Prophets' Father Andee. The combination of Knowledge's proactive messages and the intense percussion work of Paulinho Da Costa and Virw. on poems like "The Revolution Will Be on the Big Seren, "Just Beini," and "Why! Would Never Buy a Jeep Cherokee" makes listening an easy, even joy-tel experience.

But sadly, many of D-Knowledge's pieces suffer from the flaws that a lot of performance peetry suffers from: too much emphasis on performance, not enough on the craft of writing. The weaker poem-songs rely heavily on clichés and needless repetition. But in the end, All That and a Bag of Work's a thoughtprovoking first effort. The often insightful D-Knowledge is a poet who will keep this head when all around him are losing—or should be losing—when this head when all around him are losing—or should be losing—when the should be considered to the construction of the construct

Charlie R. Braxton

VARIOUS ABTISTS

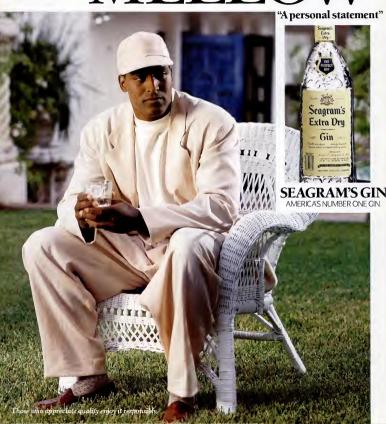
Mambo Manial: The Kings &



Mambo Mania!: The Kings & Queens of Mambo proves how the '50s Cuban dance craze anticipated disco by popularizing the idea of getting a complex syncopated vamp going and then sticking a whole carnival inside: calls and responses, grunted exclamations working as drums. bleating horns, and fiery piano explorations. The collection features a wide variety of artists and even has Beny Moré v Su Orquesta doing an anti-cha-cha mambo, 1960's "Me Gusta Mas Elson." But he keeps saying "cha-cha-cha" in it anyway-what a paradox!

110 V I B E

MELLOW







Candy Rain—Soul for Real's debut album and the title of their No. 1 RaB and No. 2 pop single—is a contemporary classic. These four (literal) brothers—Jason, Brian, Chris, and André—sing love songs with the type of sensitivity, maturity, and passion that propelled groups like the Temptations, New Edition. and Boxzl I Men into the poor/RaB canon.

Unlike their hip hop counterparts, who mostly rely on misogynistic machism to flex their manhood, these young guys are clear and real, and sing what comes from their un-hardened hearts. When harmonizing their collective emotions on a song like "Every Little Thing I Do," Soul for Real bring tears to your eyes.



Nine Livez • Profile

Nine's a ragga-tinged rook of a voice. Its distinctive appeal falls somewhere between that of The Little Rascasis Froggy and dancehal down. It owns. After years of underground obscurity, and one forgettable 12-inch he released under the name Nine Double M-1991's "FALLIN. (And Ya' Can't Get Up)"—this South Brown, unde boy resurred this career with "Whutcha Want?", one of last winter's most infectious bip hop singles. "We did

it for no pay, "rapped Nine on that song, "Just rhyme and hit the hay and sleep/ Wake up, write another rhyme...that's when shit was real / No phonies, no balonies/Just the homies/ Mikes and wheels of steel."

True to these old-school roots, Nine's debut long-player revolves around the traditional Mo subject matter of choice: himself, But despite the subline first single, Nine Livez is alth-and-miss affair, At lis worst ("Ath Shi", "Refalaiter"), the record serves perfunctory rap braggadodio with amonying hooks that bod der on self-parody. At its silliest ("Hit Em Like Dis"), Nine sings his lyrics to a tune remniscent of hall & Oates" or You on One."

But at his best, he transcends the gimmicky aspects of his act with wit and humor. "Redrum" offers animated verses on street justice, which are perfectly complemented by a rickety, player-piano-styled loop and Bob Marley-influenced chorus ("Everybody want heaven, but nah want dead"). "Fo'eva Blunted" inutaposes an exagist's endorsement of weed with soulful homs.

And on "Who U Won Test" and "Ta Rassas, "Nine's patole-laced put-downs folk verbal shots at the competition with the ease of a battlet-form veteran which is, in fact, what this "new" artist happens to be. If Nine Livez' inconsistencies make it an easy trayet for skeptics, its highlights are a testament to the power an MC vields with his most fundamental gift. As Guru once rhymed, "It's mostly thavoice." Chairman Ms.

EPDIG Rango



Evolution has always been Herbie Hancock's secret weapon. For the master pianist/keyboardist, jazz has always been an arsenal of joy, pain, power, politics, and most of all, change. Always change.

From his days as a Blue Note session player to his legendary stint in the mid-'60s version of the Miles Davis Quintet, Hancock with progressive clarity—has revolutionized jazz piano. After leading his own band through a post-Miles, politically-minded col-

lection of albums like Mwandishi, Hancock spearheaded the "70s fusion movement with Headhunters, an infectious journey into funk that produced groovers like "Watermelon Man" and "Chameleon." A musician's musician, he's been sampled by everyone from L.L. Cool J to Super Cat.

in 1983, Herbie proved he was down for whatever by joining forces with toldschool scratchmaster Grandmiker D.S.T. and giving birth to the futuristic. Grammy-winning "Rockit." His recent work on Stolen Moments: Red Hot + Cool further Gemonstrated that Hancock can still work out in the hip hop arena with the best of them.

With his new Dis Is da Drum, Hancock continues his quest for sweet change by incorporating contemporary hip hop drum loops and ambient dance beats into an album that has a lot of potential for Quiet Storm airplay, but none of the danger and risk of jazz—which is strange since the coproducer is Bill Summers, Hancock's percussionist and all-around partner in crime for Headhurders.

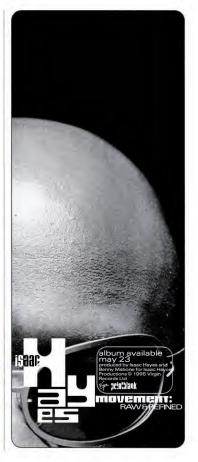
The winners on this album are the breezy "Rubber Soul" and "80 B 8 to Bus," on which Hancock takes himself a little less seriously. "Moljuba" and the title track are filled with West African-linged rhythms, but both are weakened by dated loops, Wendy-and-Usas-silve keyboard playing, and detached fa-dow hom stabs. The best beat on the album can be found on "The Meldoy". A Dre-seque sample steers this limpland of a song until II crashes into a cheesy flow by 80-o-YaaT.R.I.B.E.1" Will Rock—who sounds more like Guru circa 1984 than an Mic worthly of the only rhythm on this album.

If Herbis Hancock's goal is to sit on the throne as hiphop's big pape—loving and supportive of the legacy he bestowed upon the AThice Called Ousests and Wu-Tang Clans of the world—he's going to have to stay more in tune with the new things happening in hip hop. He's got to visit the young folks down at the group home more often.

VIKH Tobak







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One person you won't see mixing and mingling at this year's Bob Marley anniversary celebration is Noville Livingston (a. 4. Bunny Walley. The most mystical and musically adventurous of the three-man Walling Wallers—alcongole Bob and Peter frosh—stuck by Marley's side through the first few years on Island Records. Waller's soul-string yocal performance on "Passit Chri is one of the most powerful moments on the Waller's classic Burnin." The Big Company, though, waller's classic Burnin. "The Big Company, though, waller's company though, waller's classic Burnin."—and is his "Lend of fourinc."

In the mid-'70s, the three childhood friends who had

once comprised the Wallers released their parting stots, which became three of regage's landmark albums: Martey's Natty Dread, Toeh's Legalize It, and Wailer's Blackheart Man. The last of these was by far the most mysterious. There was no photograph on the cover, just a murky black painting of a Restaman merging into a lon-linside, majestic hom lines seveled over dark, velvely lay-levely for the most of drum and bass as Burny sang 10 "messages" of BKENNER in so wnc omposition. The lyrics were printed on two Sentence, "he memor of the mental stress of incarcentain, and the album's title track, a wry reminder of the days when parents warned their children to stay away from dreadlocked "blackheart men" who might offer candies and steal

While there can never be another album like Blackhear Man, Burny Waler's music hasn't lost any of its fire. Whether singing over a Roots Radics had-aubriddim or chanting to the insistent beat of funds drums, Burny never came soft, the's also till got lawyers filing papers in some court somewhere—continuing his battle against Island for "tampering" with the Wallers' original label, Tuff Gona.)

To further refine and promote his musical vision, Waller established the Solomonic label in the mid-197s and put out two sorothing dub albums as well as a succession of singles, many of which were collected on last year's stellar compliation Coulaif Proso (casses (Shanschik) Evento devoted shurry fans (and he's an artist who imprires especially fierce (cyally), that album was a wavelation. These rook-hard selections had only been released as Jamaican

pressings (hard to find and, if the hole is off-center, hard to play). Some had never been released at all.

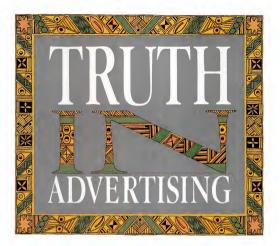
the kids away.

So, in the same year that Bob Marley gets his face on a Jameican \$50 coin, Bunny Waller gets to release a new anthology. *Petrospective* (Shanachie), and collect a richly deserved Grammy for Crucial! It's his second such award (the first was for his Wallers tribute album, 1990's Time Will Tell, but you needn't worny about mainstream success sooil-



ing Bunny's vibe. Once a rootsman, always a rootsman. You'll never hear this Bunny trying a "hip hop" remix. Even when he turns his talents to dancehall style, the result is uncommonly melodic, joyful, and uplifting—music to make you dance, even if you forget to lick a shot.

Some of Waller's finest selections—"Rock in' Groove, "*Cool Runnings," Fallmorn Floor," are included on Retrospective and sound right a fine elanguage floor. And sound right a fine elanguage classical roots out like "Soul Rebe". The common denominator is Waller himself, the stone that the builder refused. According to Shanachie executive vice president Randall Grass, "Burny sees his mission as keeping the Wallers alive—the spirit, the message." Mission accomplished.



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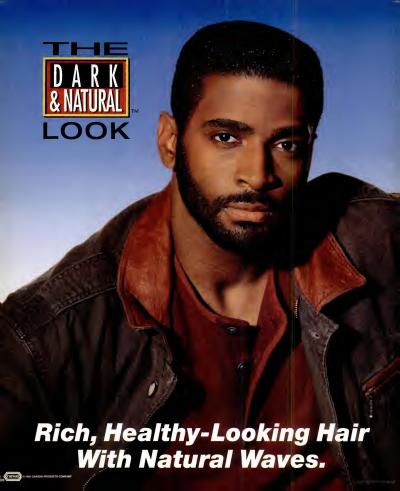
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Ouestions

1, Why did Queen Latifah's super-corny "U.N.I.T.Y." win a Grammy over Craig Mack's scintillating "Flava in Ya Ear"? 2. Why is Madonna (who can only act for the length of a video) going to star in the film version of the Andrew Lloyd Webber/Tim Rice musical Evita? 3. Why does

Sean "Puffy" Combs have to costar in every single video produced by his label, Bad Boy Entertainment? 4. And speaking of labels, why does Tommy Boy market itself more than its artists? 5. How come Al Green hasn't recorded an album of covers? 6. What exactly does Keith Murray mean when he says, "I spread love like the AIDS

feature no image of Samuel L. Jackson, when

virus" in Mary J. Blige's "Be Happy" remix? 7. Why are David Robinson's shorts always so ridiculously tight? 8. Why are we bugging because Jon Secada is starring as Danny Zuko (John Travolta's old role) in

the Broadway production of Grease? 9. Why, when RuPaul is so hotmovies, a book-did Tommy Boy Records drop him from its roster? 10. Why were Jada Pinkett and Halle Berry not on the cover of Vanity Fair's "Hollywood" issue, when folks like Gwyneth Paltrow (who?) were? 11. Is Mic Geronimo ever going to finish his debut-or is he just going to release a single every three or four months forever after? 12. Why do some of the promotional posters for Kiss of Death

the film stars David Caruso, Jackson, and Nicolas Cage-in that order? 13. How fly is Ralph Lauren for putting Tyson down with an exclusive contract? 14. Is it because she seems crazy (in a sexy way), sexy (in a cool way), and cool (in a crazy way) that we love TLC's T-Boz? 15. (Or is it just her low, beautiful voice?) 16. Is it because we know someone who has seen some scenes that we think this summer's Money Train, star-



ring Wesley Snipes and Woody Harrelson, is going to be so dope? 17. Why do we love I-Ra from Tha Alkaholiks for saving, on "All the Way Live," "I'm not old-school / Or new-school / I'm out of

school"? 18. Who knew Heavy D would end up an executive-vice president of A&R at Andre Harrell's Uptown Records? 19. Is it because 1995 has already produced jams like Notorious B.I.G.'s "Big Poppa," Ol' Dirty Bastard's "Brooklyn Zoo," the remix of Method Man's "You're All I Need." Craig Mack's "Get Down," and Mobb Deep's "Shook Ones Part II" that we believe-maybethe East Coast is creepin' on a come-up? 20. And man-is Montell Jordan calling R. Kelly out, or what?

TOTAL ---

"Can't You See"

THE NOTORIOUS B.I.G.— "Who Shot Ya?"

PHILCO BENDYX-"Soft Spot"

MASSIVE ATTACK-Protection

"Please Send Me Someone to Love"



A TRIBE CALLED QUEST-Midnight Marauders

SHERYL CROW. Tuesday Night Music Club

VARIOUS ARTISTS -

Till the Night Is Gone: A Tribute to Doc Pomus

"Green Island"

Shameless"



Sean"Puffy"

Current favorites-in no particular order OL'DIRTY BASTARD-SOUL FOR REAL-

"Brooklyn Zoo" "Candy Rain" METHOD MAN

MARVIN GAYE-Greatest Hits

VARIOUS ARTISTS-DONNY HATHAWAY---Murder Was the Case "Song for You"

BRANDY-CHAKA KHAN-Brandy "Through the Fire"

REDMAN. SADE-MILES DAVIS... The Best of Sade Kind of Blue

Tical

VIRE 117





The fact that Henry Threadgill has a major-label deal is a minor miracle. After all, if there's such a thing as a postmodern jazz composer, it's him. On Carry the Dy (Columbia), he writes and arranges material for a band made up of fwo guitars, two tubs, drums, and Threadgill's own alto sax-all of which are augmented on several tracke by accordion, violin, voices, and a Chinese stringed instrument known as a pipa.

Easy listening it ain't. Is it jazz as we know it? It's like. Leater Rowich as aid't. That depends on what you know. And thanks to Gene Lake's hip hop thunder on the traps, can't no body say it don't got swing for your ass. There's enough bluesy howing and shricking in Threadgill's horn playing to wake the dead, and the sweet bottom notes Marcus Rojas and Edwin Rodrigue's thusba spread around like butter keep the low end as well-tended-to as any string, bass player could have.

Allo Asian, Latin American, and Eastern European enough for ya too. This mausic is black enough for ya, but it's musical communication. His song titles are no joke either—my favorite being "Jenkins Boys Again, Wish Somebody Die, It's Hot." It deals with those torned slavery times when our folks hoped and prayed someone from the slave-holder family would dies to they could get the day off.

Hard to believe that Joe Bowie and Defunkt been around in one incarnation or another since 1980. Seems like just yesterday I was checking them out in D.C.'s 9:30 Club--3 young guitar player named Vermon Reid was onstage with them, blowing up the spor. But Reid wann't the only hot black rock as manite to come through Defunkt. Kelyn Bell, Mebrin Gibbs, Ronny Dwyton, and Martin Aubert paid some dues out of that piece too Defunkt's Istent, Special Edition: A Bluer Tribute (Enemy), honors two legends of black guitartary; Jim Hendrix and Muddy Waters. For this double duty Bowie flagged down Chicago's own Jean-Paul Bourelly, whose six-string playing bridges the gap between Buddy Gwy, John McLaughli, and Band of Gypsys.

If you thought nobody could do anything with Hendrix's "Little Wing" but recite it by rote, you need to hear Defunkt and Bourelly go for theirs. And their rendition of "Manic Depression" is less a song than a plea for doses of lithium to be dispensed around the bandstand. Recorded live at New York City's Knitting Factory, you barely need to pump up the volume to hear the floor rattling.

No serious young izaz musician has put more energy and imagination into trying to arrange a shotgan wedding between jazz and hip pop than alsoid/theorists/forfuser/developer Serve Coleman. He's been puting togother a project called Metrics with a beey of quick-thinking freestylists, including Black Thought from the Roots. The results are included on Coleman's new A Take of Citics (RCA/Novaus), and what makes this short collection of thangs-that-go-bump-in-the-night promising is how Coleman works with the dynamic between live and sampled cound.

Unfortunately, Coleman and the other soloists restrict themselves to a few thrusts and parries and not much soloing, handing almost all of that space over to the lyricists. Next time out, I'd like to see him split the difference or even interwess the horns and the cipher circle. If this jazz-meters-hip-hop thang is ever going to truly satisfy junkies of both forms, it's juzt gonna have to boldly go buck wild where no jazz or hip hop has gone buck wild before.



CARMEN LUNDY

Self Portrait JVC Music

Love, trust, and betrayal are the themes brought brilliantly to life by urbane jazz diva Carmen Lundy. Focusing on jazz's accustic power, and the romance and intimary lin highers, Self-brillials mix of shardards and ondinal compositions. From the elegant "Spring Can Really Hang You Up the Most," which opens the album, to the austere passion of "Round Midnight," which obsess, the grace of Lundy's vocate stabilishes her armong the next generation of jazz icons. All the hours she spent as a child listening to Billie and Aretha have certainty paid off.

Marynn Snyder

THE BU Lyte'N' Tyme * Priority



The B. U.M.S' (Brothas Unda Machress) debut, Lyfe M' 7/me, Is the absolute buttwit Producers Joe Guixx, King Tech, the Baka Boyz, and Fred Nassar take the West Coast sound to another level—If you're booking for the standard keyboards-over-funk loops, you'll never find 'em here. The Bay Area's own B.U.M.S set things off with rhymes that deal with such issues as struggling to epit pall ("Six Figures and U.p") and

racism and welfare ("Who Gives You the Right"). The album even has something for metaphor and simile buffs: "I just got out ta rehab / For smokin' microphones / Now I'm shockin' niggas / Over tracks like Ramone." A little Beat Street humor—if you peeped it.



Rosie Gaines, the chanteuse whose angelic coroning shot Phrice's 1910 Diamond's and Pearls into the stratosphere, launches her solo career with Closer Para Close, an album filled with plansairming basts and suggestive come-one punctuated by sweet, millicotave cooling. The album (which simmered for more than a year due to the wide solid solid plansairming with the plansairming with the plansairming solid solid s

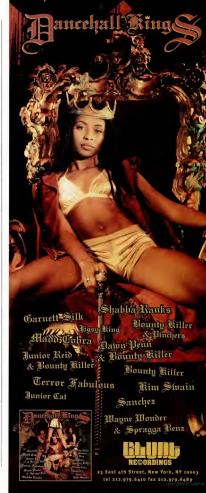
BISE gaines Closer Than Close Motown

After the funky trepidation of P's "I Want U," Gaines sheds the New Power Generation affectations and pays homage to the sporhistication of old-school divas. When listening to the rapturous "R.U. Ready," you understand why she has been dubbed "the next Aretha Franklin."

Her songs go all the way from the sass of "Can You Handle It" (in which she warns a cocksure lover, "This ain" in or Hollywood love scene") to the sadness of "My Tender Heart" ("I lie in the dark while you lied in your sleep"). And Galines gets all sensual with "Googaga," which, even as it speaks of candiellt slow dancing, hints at the years the singer spent in a nightfulub.

It's Gainer's political and spiritual center, though, that lends closure to Closer Than Close. "Getthe Ghetto off Your Mind" is a searing semon for youngsters who glorify the Glock, and "December 25th" is a celebratory jam session pleading for people to think seriously about the tenets espoused by Jesus. The songs serve to remind us that Gaines' s beautifully sung, heartfelt sentiments—both romantic and chio—emantale from a generous, aware spirit. Andrew O. Thompson

VIBE 119









ORENZO

Love on My Mind . Luke Records



It's Long Overdue • Ruffbouse/Columbia

Children of the '70s: Are you desperately seeking the next Marvin, Donny, or Stevie to transport us into the next century? Well, so are many, many record companies. Last year Balyface (the Tender Lover) and R. Kelly (the Freak of the Week) ruled with big-time crossover hits. This summer, Keith Martin, Sean Levert (of Levert), and southeast-ensoal box Jonenous are trying to blow up with their self-penned tunes of love and lust.

Sen Levert's solo debut. The Other Side, delivers the churchy, business soul with which his last name has become genorymous—but with a younger, trender resis. With title like "Plut Young Body Where You Mouth is" and "This in a Fresky Mood," Levert is obviously trigg to compete with the ricing to obtat recently sourced for Kelly as well as the father of them all, Barry White. Levert sounds most at home, though, on the sensual—but not too overdone—"I'm Ready" and on "Same One," a passionate balled featuring his bloeborter. Gerald, and coase, Eddic, in the besteround. Both make you wanns as, "Sant y Affir !"

It's too bad, however, that Lorenzo doesn't demonstrate the same skills. On his new album, Lorenzo goes for a blue-lights-in-the-basement type of vibe; the album is almost all slow jams. The thing is, Lorenzo sounds a bit too desperate to be believable. Too many times over the course of this just-okay sophomore dise, you want Lorenzo to speed up the rom and get back to the funk full-lime.

The prince of these young singers is Keith Martin—he understands subtlery. The singer/song-writer has a wonderful weakness for easy-flowing melodies, sensual lyrics, and ecoustic growses. While Martin's yocales could use a little polish, on the melancholy 'Orne Mile From Paradies' and the earnest "Never Find Sonnoence Lite Vou," he surrounds his voice in a romantic sea of lush background vocak, air guitars, and real datums. Unlike so many new jack crooners—and rather like the earthy singers of yestereyar-the promissing Keith Martin finds the wight mix of yex and emotion on his does Chambers.

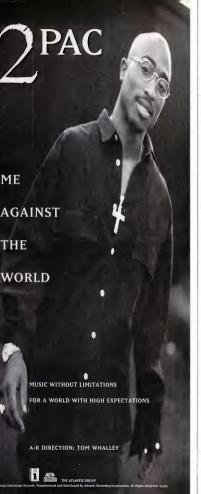


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GIRLTHING RY JOAN MOREAN

You know, Boo,

It's been six years that I've been writing about hip hop on the womanist tip, and I'm still getting asked the same question: "Given the underniably high content of sexism and misogyny in rap music, isn't a declared commitment to both hip hop and feminism, well, incongruous?"

Isay I'm just a save to your rhythms and wax poetic about the brilliant voice (albeit predominantly male) you'vegiven an embattled nation. That worke—until someone calls me out and says that none of it explains why Isay in an obviously abusive relationship. And I can't lie, Boo, that stresses me. 'Cause then my answers start soundinal like those of the battered women I write about.

Softman jave rused or under what any woman in he right mind would be doing with hip hop. But there was sweetness in the beginning of this on-again, off-again love affair. Nobody even talked about sexism in hip hop back in the day. All alm Mc wanted then was to be the baddest in battle, have a fly gift, and take indies in his fresh OJ. If we were objectified (and we were), nobody cared. At the time, there seemed to be greater sins than being called ladies (as in "All the ladies in the house, say "Oww!"). Perhaps it was because we were being acknowledged as a part of a whole.

But we haven't been fly girls in a long time. And all the love in the world doesn't erase the stinging impact of the new invectives and brutal imagery—ugly imprirts left on checks that have turned the other way too many times. The abuse is underlable. The increasing use of violence, woman hating, and selfish individualism masks the essence of what If ell in love with—even from my own eyes.

Things were easier when your only enemies were white racists and middle-class black folk who didn't want all that jungle music reminding them they had kinkly roots. Now your anger is turned inward. And I've spent too much time in the rooss fire, triving to explain why you find the cessary to hurt even those who look like you. At times I've found myself scrounging for reasons to stay. Something more than 16 years is a long-ass time, and

I'm not quite sure how to walk away from a nigga whose growth process has helped define my existence. So hera I am, Boo, Jovin' you, myself, my sistas, my brothens, with Joyalies that are as ferice as they ye divided. One thing I know for certain is that if you really are who I believe you to be—the voice of a nation, in pain and insane—then any thinking black woman's relationship with you is going to be as complicated as her love for black me. Whether Il like I ron tyou play a relicial part in defining my ferminism. Only you can give the answer to the question so many of us are afraid to ask: How did we go from fly girls to bitches and hoes in out brothers' week?

And while it's true that you hold some of black men's ugliest thoughts about me, the music is the only place loan challenge them. You are also the mirror in which we can see our selves. Those are flesh- and-blood women who put their tittes on the glass. Real-life females who make livings waiting backstage and puttin 'price tags

on the punarny. If our ferminism is ever going to mean anything, theirs are the lives you can help us to save. So Boo, I've finally got an answert oe everybody who wants to talk about the incongruity of our relationship. Hip hop and my ferminism are not at war—but my community is. And your ability to take us to the places we least want to go makes you critical to our survival.

I'm your Boo. From the cradle to the grave.

Joan

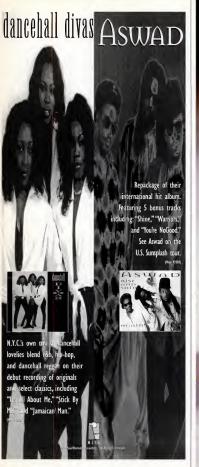


JESSE

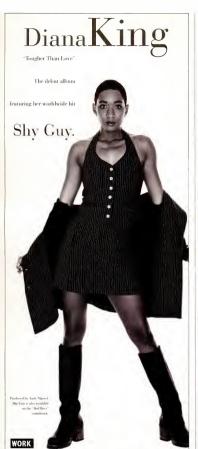
Never Let You Go Capitol

Jesse Campbell wants us to believe that fairy tales come true, and that real-life men often say things like "I prepare nights and days. For us to share every emotion." This is all nice-especially when set to a smooth groove—but such blatant pressing of female hot buttons rings a little false four or five ballads into his debut.

Jesse's voice is sexy, his harmonies are skilled, and the album's production is faultlessly lush, but in the end Never Let You Go is a slick formula for casual seduction. The morning after rarely translates into "happily ever after"—and sometimes the sound of a Quiet Storm is merely the harbinger of a fulblown squall brewing off the horizon.







"WORK" is a studemark of Son Moss Emerganisms In 70 1995 Son Mass Enternances In

UNDER Ground

In the world of underground hip hop—dope music that doesn't usually sell—"realness" is still being discussed. By now, the subject may make some people's eyes roil, but a new release that deals with the subject is deserving of mention: Ruggedness Maddrama's "For Real" (Ernay Records, 215-324-4490). The Philly crew delivers okay rhymes, but the bouncy, sinister bests are attention-grabbing bests are attention-grabbing.

female Mc named Reds Buth has been making noise in the City of Brotherly Love for over a year. Although her name evokes the image of an alcoholic gangstabitch, this Mc insists she's yield a "like "New York" (Fick Necords, 217-88-4596). The 18-year-old redhead has opened shows for KRS-One, Doug E. Fresh, and Wu-Tang, Redd begins "Rude Gilf" with an in-your-lace bury, then proceeds to rhyme steadily over hypnotic beats and a keyboard-laced hook that's crazy additive. Shorty's admirable lyrical skills will only get better as she gets older.



Out of Tacoma, Foul Play's "Black Cloud" (Wild Pitch/EMI) will surprise listeners with the unmistakable East Coast influence on their flows and rhymes about the concrete jungle. Sir Mix-A-Lot they are not. This song is featured on Wild Pitch's mix tabe (by OJ Ecliose). Look for their debut album release in the fall.

After enjoying a long and strong buzz in his hometown, L.A.'s Aceyatone recently signed with Capitol Records. He proves the city serves more than G-Funk. "Feet up on the Table" combines echoing drums, menacing piano riffs, and a chorus of Rakm and KRS-One samples—the result is a rhythmic track and dooe lyric flakims and KRS-One samples—the result is a rhythmic track and dooe lyric flakims and KRS-One samples—the result is a rhythmic track.

Washington, D.C.'s best kept secret is Questionmark Asylum, a.k.a. Q&A (Agear Records/RAC, 301-922-1148). The city may be the nation's murder capital, but don't expect any rah-rah, shoot-'em-up type lyrics from this male quartet. These kids kick laid-back thymes over mediodit tracks in Full Lockaway." And the chrox features a girl's sultry, lullabylike voice—the will have you singling along even after the music at lops. The track's vibe is definitley banging, so don't cheat yourself. Also check for the buttery Erick Sermon remix.



ERIC B.: The Album

After spending seven years as DJ to his former associate, lyrical geinus Rakim, Eric B. is on the *microphone*. He raps mostly about relationships, and his production on Eric B. The Album consists mainly of familiar party grooves: "I Can't Let You" extends Maze's "Béroe' I Let Go" and "Love" butchers Zapp's classic "Computer Love."

Fllight Wilson

124 V I B E



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A sparkling synth pattern soun backward and a sinale chord repeated until it starts to mutter are all DJ Premier needs to create a hypnotic score for GROUP HOME's "Supa Star" (Payday/Ffm)—which endorses progress while critiquing the usual ideals of upward mobility. Add some loungey piano and more bass and you have COMMON SENSE's "Resurrection" (Relativity). And although DR. DRE incorporates some sizzlingly alive background females and exaggerates the sound of every bass and snare, his "Keep Their Heads Ringin"



(Priority) gets by on just a bit more instrumentation than either "Supa Star" or "Resurrec-

tion."...ILA SKRATCH rely on doep, shifting music that some times outlines itself with flutes to say. "Chill With That" Mercury). MENTALILLNESS, meanwhile, go for a fast barrage of sleigh-bell rhythins and assorted stuff on "Amazin's Not Playin" "(StepSun), the superior B-side of their "Nigga Not." release. And Biol Le serves his voice up whole on "Put It On" (Columbia).....Vocal RaB done with hip hop aftershocks is hard to manage, and on their "Memories of You and Me" (EMG) THE REALISTICS (not the old group, but a new hops, testifies, and takes the wise Boyz! Men route! Ignore



fashion and max out on your strengths....What's D'ANGELO's solution for preserving the great role of matinee-idol R&B during a time when even its finest practitioners sound a little stale? Add bluesy vocals, deconstruct arrangements, and get cooing background singers to cleverly finish your phrases, "Brown Sugar" (EMI) is the single....And he's always been able to jam, but a genius for studio form is what originally made & Prince. "Purple Medley: The Hits Remixes" (Warner Bros.) could have sounded like some comy mix tape, but in his hands it's exhilarating-a pastiche that recalls "Batdance." Like that stroke, it shows that if & craves hip hop credibility, he should forget rapping and start collaging. This thing is great..... The dancehall explosion continues, and questions abound. Car

BLAK PANTA who has the second single on the New Jersey Drive soundtrax upull an Ini Kamove with the on-trage! "Do What U Wan!" (Tommy Boy)? Can BUJU BANTON, with "Only Man" (Loose Cannon/sland), erase his hateful pass with viscoral muscle? Can M-BER fasturing GEMBEAR LEVY hit in the U.S. like they did in the U.K. with the ragight, angst-ridden "Incredible" [Payday/FIT?]. They can, and should., ...While no clance will understite! I, TECHNOTRONIC's new "Move It to the Rhythm" (SBK) won't win any For A! Home Listening Awards: THE PRODICY, on the other hand, accomplish both function and richness with Poisson" (Mute), an excellent post-techno techno thing that ought to become vieronomys. Orbinosious hit.

IIKKII



Loud/RCA

It was way back in 1992 when record companies and listeners embraced the concent of adolescents on the microphone. You can probably remember the chart-topping shenanigans of those backward-clotheswearing Kris Kross kids and their Michael Bivins-created rivals ABC (Another Bad Creation), But what you probably can't remember is a pair of

little teenage badasses called Poetical Prophets who were making noise on New York's underground scene in 1991, a year before shortymania hit hip hop. The duo-Havoc and Prodigy, who are now known as Mobb Deep-lacked the bubble gum pop appeal of their commercial counterparts, but they wrote all their own rhymes and even produced some of the music on their much overlooked. Invenile Hell debut

On The Infamous, these boys show signs of having become (even more) troubled young men. Each song is a different chapter in the hard street life Hayoc and Prodigy have experienced in their Queensbridge neighborhood, "Shook Ones Part II" and "Survival of the Fittest" feature Mobb Deep's usual combination of deep lyrics, sinister keyboard chords, earth-shattering bass, and crisp drum tracks. The album features a slew of quest MCs: from unsigned newcomer Big. Novel, who shines on "Give Lin the Goods " to A Tribe Called Quest's Q-Tin, who proves why he calls himself the Abstract, Tip's verse on "Drink Away the Pain" deviates from the song's main topic but is still dope. And the dramatic "Eye for an Eve" is an East Coast all-star iam featuring incredible verses by fellow 'Bridge alumnus Nas as well as Wu-Tang's wildcat Raekwon the Chef.

Despite the fact that the album has more cameos than Who's the Man, the focus stays on Mobb Deep. While describing their lives with brutal realism and raw imagery. Hayoc's love for his hometown hits you in the head like a Mike Tyson comeback punch. When he vehemently vows, "No matter how much loot I get/ I'm staying in the projects forever," he demonstrates the duo's palpable fuckwhere-you-at-it's-where-you-from mentality-and it's because of this intensity that Mobb Deep rise, with The Infamous, from deep obscurity, Elliott Wilson

Crossed Way Over Songs that went to No. 1 on both the R&B and pop charts:

- . "Want Ads." the Honey Cone, 1971 . "Kung Fu Fighting," Carl Douglas,
- . "(Shake, Shake, Shake) Shake Your
- . "Play that Funky Music," Wild
- Cherry, 1976
- "Car Wash," Rose Royce, 1977 . "Ghostbusters." Ray Parker Jr.,
- 1984 "Batdance," Prince, 1989
- "Bump n' Grind," R. Kelly, 1994 . "I'll Make Love to You," Boyz II Men,
- "Creep," TLC, 1995

seph V. Tirelis. Reporting by lan Landau

No Crossover

Songs that went to No. 1 on the R&B chart and never touched the non charts at all-

- . "Bootzilla." Bootsy's Rubber
- . "Take Me to the Next Phase (Part 1)," the Isley Brothers, 1978
- "I Wanna Be With You (Part 1),"
- the Isley Brothers, 1979 Booty," KC and the Sunshine Band, . "Funkin' for Jamaica (N.Y.), "Tom.
 - Browne, 1980 . "Atomic Dog," George Clinton,
 - "Save Your Love (for #1)." Rene
 - & Angela, 1985
 - "Do You Get Enough Love," Shirley Jones, 1986
 - "Slow Down." Loose Ends, 1987 . "Roses Are Red," the Mac Band featuring the McCampbell
 - Brothers, 1988 "Loosey's Rap." Rick James featuring Roxanne Shanté, 1988

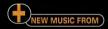


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Somewhere in Nativille, Court Bass D is making rap records that sound like it's property. Prof. if or into prof. prof.

Although he has a tendency to overdose on pop culture references (Elizabeth Trylor, The Low Bark' Captain Merill Stubing, and Kim Fields as The Fanta (Totoical Iger called out), his tracks express a humanism—and a sense of humor—that has nearly vanished from hip hop culture. On the standout track "The South to Talk to Me," Count details a wild story of meeting soon-to-be fink diva "Flooz (from TLC) at a party in Aldania. When he says, "Man, really. The Dix refut to tome! You don't have to believe me! It may have been a big mistake / And if it is / My heart will breast," you tear up with lumber.

And the sound of Pre-Life Crisis is as refreshing as the content. With the exception of the guitar riffs on the first single, "Sandwiches," Count Bass D plays all the instruments on the album. The only track that baffles is "I Got Needs"—the music sounds like the fake jazz espoused at the Kenny G School of Plastic Soul.

Pre-Life Crisis is refreshing indeed; it's what's going on in hip hop right nowwhat's old (school) is new (school) again. And in Count Bass D's case, this is an (all) good thing.

Michael A. Gonzales

CYNTON MARSALIS and FLLIS MARSALIS



As a kid, Wynton Marsalis liked the Peanutic action specials because, he says, "it was the only time you heard people swinging on Tv." Following the musical tradition established by composer Vince Guaraldi, Marsalis went on to write and record his own swinging soundrack for the 1989 television special This Is America Charlie Brown-The Wright Brothers at Kitty Hande.

Those seven songs, newly recorded by Marsalis's recently disbanded septen, are found on Jor Cod's Blue. Though theides of a Pennut soundtrack album may seem corny, Marsalis's imagaintive compositions stand on their own, and the septet's performance (their last studio date) is a testament to the high level of musicianship at work in this band.

Guaraldi's songs are recognizable because of his repeated has figures that give way to a hard-driving grove. Wynton draws on that formula but add rich rath a rigements. He creates texture and depth with brass and woodwind lines, balancing butnished trumper and bass clarine or "Linus & Lucy," and utilizing dark harming in "Snoopy & Woodstock" to underscore Victor Goines' stenor sole. And when that solo arfully meanders ousside the song's harmonic structure, straying of the mainstream toward the avant-garde, it's clear that this is no regular Charlie Brown show.

The same goes for the interpretation of five Guaraldi compositions by planist Ellis Marsalis—Wynton's father—and his trio. Ellis uses his half of for Cool's Blate to turn familiar melodies into fresh improvisations with practiced understatement. On 'Oh, Good Grief,' he evokes Wynton Kelly's subtle feel by rhythmically repeat ing two notes over abourney rhythmicstrion grove. And on' Pebble Beckni, 'Reginald Veal's smooth, percise base lines match the solid tang-tang of Martin Butler's dick cymbal, providing the anchof for a relentless swing and Ellis's bluesy simplicity, described providing the anchof for a relentless wing and Ellis's bluesy simplicity, the control of the control

As both Marsalises work regularly with children, it's fitting that they should record this album, presenting music that will draw kids in but keep an adult's attention as well. Could a Simpsons episode be next?

Suzanne McElfresh



When Paul Alexander allegedly cracked open the head of his wife, Jacqueline, with a bullet, the slug's impact splattered their Christmas tree with her blood. The impact also ripped through the lives of her two sleeping young children, who would never see their mother again. Paul Alexander, still at large as of this writing, is wanted for questioning by both New York City police and the FBI. Jacqueline was black and her husband is not a national football celebrity, so you'll probably never see her story on-much less all over-TV.

The December 27, 1992 murder also destroyed the life of Jacqueline's cousin, Jazz Lee Alston, a

young poet who had been visiting Jackie's home and who was apparently the first to find the woman's body. Since that time, the Bronx-horn artist has been in hiding. fearful for her life, mourning the cousin with whom she grew up, and trying to heal.

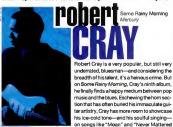
Part of her healing came through writing and recording her eponymous debut spoken-word/music EP. The spooky first single, "Love...Never That," originally appeared on 1993's Seattle... The Dark Side, a compilation co-executive produced by Sir Mix-A-Lot. Through verses rank with irony ("My man loved me so fucking much / Christmas night he blew my head wide open"), the dead Jacqueline Alexander speaks one final time through her grieving cousin, telling the story of a relationship that begins at less than zero, then spirals nowhere from there.

The rest of Alston's EP sensuously explores oral love ("Round Black Berry"), childbirth ("360 Degrees"), addiction ("Glass Dick"), and

ly entering its consciousness.

American Recordings self-pleasuring ("Me, Myself & I"), and is so frank that it will be hard-pressed to get significant airplay. All in all, this collection is (tragically) fated to disappear from public memory after bare-

But even if no one else does, I hope Paul Alexander hears "Love...Never That," May it haunt his dreams for eternity. Harry Allen



Much." His playing on the standard "Steppin' Out" is a paradigm of economic phrasing. Like all great bluesmen, Cray knows that it's not the notes you play, it's the ones you leave out. Joseph V. Tirella





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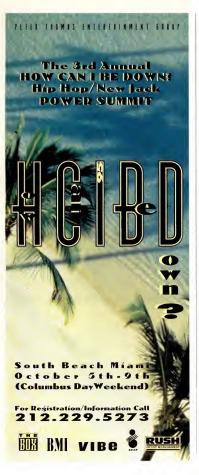


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VARIOUS ARTISTS The Red Shift WordSound

VARIOUS ARTISTS Scarab

WordSound

For the cave dwellers out there, a brief explanation: Dub is the

music of the new frontier. Carved our of a changing landscape of influences and a vast expanse of styles, it lifts equally from gags, hip hop, size, rock, Middle Earl, and African sources. It's a gent evith a gift for taking a ladeidoscope of ingredients and tartistating them into an eckey, intergalactic bowl of mush. Dub the istelf to an unholy fusion of modern and ancient instruments with effortlessly cool results.

When the concection works, the outcome is simply satral. It makes you want to smoke loss of dope and attempt to do something that will forever alter the counse of mankind—like watching grass grow. But when it doesn't, you get something resembling the soundtrack to a game of Pong gone haywire—stuff that could send listeners into a kind of violent stuped.

Having said that, WordSound's The Red Shift is exactly the kind of record that can be played in the presence of sharp instruments with confidence. "Chicken Walk' may start out with some idiot cackling like a wounded fowl, but once the wobbly bass line and suave toaster kick in, it becomes something so intoxicating that even the bird noises become almost too beautiful to comprehend."

Hip hop producer/DJ Prince Paul throws unexpected punch into a loping rap rack called "Esc" and into "Palob'. Theme," a polythymic breakbet and bas summit, Jamaican dub pect Oku Omuon's ominous monologue over "Vesterday, Today and Tomorrow" has the same effect as a glacier on your spine, and the Rockstone Coalition's "Condition Critical" is an incisive ranta bout modern times set to an army of clobbering special effects. Elsewhere, the assembly stays true to dub fundamentals spane beats, fuzzy basa lines, and indugent reverberation.

Meanwhile, Scanab traverses the outer limits of dub's exotic universe. Relying more heavily on smoldering beats and liquid landscapes, this is a sexier opus than its counterpart. Scanab-arevolving cast of Brookly residents-seems to regard sound as an aphrodisiac, and mines the kinkiest bits of Middle Eastern and African resources.

"Kooh Ka Rood" effectively utilizes watery-sounding effects, huttering flutes, and tribal rhythms; "Denamis flute" mises an elongated ambient has with raw, fragmented beats; and "Wa al Salaam" is a funly chain of percussion, driven at a lecherous pace. It might seem a bit drift to describe Scandoa" the Sade of dub music; but the companion wouldn't be entirely inaccurate. Inflat Vaziri

For information, contact WordSound Recordings at 718-599-1510.



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Cove

Sweater by Diesel \$150 available at the Diesel store, Boston, and American Rag, San Francisco; Ventair hat by Kangol available at Arnold Hatters, N.Y.C., and J.C. Penney, nationwide.

Table of Contents

Kidada: Patent leather jacket Séon and patent pant \$773, both by Diecel available in American Rag. Lo., and Antique Boutines, NY.C; useaken by Addas (for morior mation, call \$60-4,48-796); sunglasses by Kata at specially stores nationwide. Michael Refleterie jacket \$80,000, gazy shin \$227, and charcol pant, all by Helmut Lang available at Ron Herman, L.A., and Magazine, Miamii; loiferi by Dolce & Galbbana available at Ron at Omari, NY.C; unglasses by Killer Loop Addabana. Available at Omari, NY.C; and Electric by Killer Loop Addabana wallable at Omari, NY.C; and Loom bavailable at Sunglass Hut, nationwide, and Sungar, nationwide (for more information, call 800-828-4130).

Next "New Jack Swing page 48

Rhonda Ross: Pink suit by Dolce & Gabbana \$975 available at Serenella, Boston, and Fred Segal, L.A.; satin sling-back shoes by Michel Perry available at Barneys New York, N.Y.C.

Cyrus Chestnut: Jacket \$695 and trouser \$295, both by Everett Hall available at the Everett Hall boutique (for more information, call 202-362-019)); ban-collar shirt by Calvin Klein; shoes by To Boot by Adam Derrick available at Bergdorf Goodman Men, N.Y.C., and To Boot, 256 Columbus Avenue, N.Y.C.

Mark Whitfield: Silver jacket \$630 and trouser \$200, both by \$0 (from a collection at Oxygen, Calgary, Alberta), available at Charivari, N.Y.C., and Magazine, Miami; ribbed sweater by Costume Homme \$320 available at Bagutta, N.Y.C., and Traffic, L.A.; shoes

by Ralph Lauren available at Polo/Ralph Lauren, Beverly Hills.

James Carrer: Mini-check blazer \$669 and trouser \$195, both by Calvin Klein available at Barneys New York, N.Y.C., and Calvin Klein, select stores, dress shirt by Yestimenta \$232 available at \$3818 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C., and Davis for Men, Chicago; shoets by To Boot by Detrick available at Bergdorf Goodman Men, N.Y.C., and To Boot, 256 Columbus Avenue, N.Y.C.

Christian McBride: Jacket by Dries Van Noten; trouser by Everett Hall \$295 (for more information, call 202-362-0191); shirt by H-tre for Vestimenta Designs \$200 available at Bloomingdale's, N.Y.C., and Louis, Boston; shoes by To Boot by Adam Derrick avail-

bloomingages y, N. C., and Louis, poston; stores by J. Dobort by Acan Letrick available at Bergdorf Goodman Men, N.Y.C., and To Boot, 256 Columbus Avenue, N.Y.C.

David Sanchez: Three-piece suit \$1,050 and shirt \$55, both by Ralph Lauren available at the Colorable Lauren, Madison Avenue, N.Y.C., and Chicago; shores by To Boot by Adam Derrick available at Bergdorf Goodman Men, N.Y.C., and To Boot, 246 Columbus Avenue,

N.Y.C.
Teodross Avery: Cashmere jacket \$795 available at Louis, L.A., and Beau Brummel, N.Y.C.; wool crepe trouser \$225 available at Martini Carl, Boston, and L'Uomo Vogue, Southfield. Mich.: both by Bill Kaiserman.

"Action Jackson" pages 52 and 53

Black leather coat \$3,350 available at Barneys New York, N.Y.C., and the Tyler-Trafficante store, L.A.; violet silk/charmetuse shirt \$355 available at Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C., and Barneys New York, N.Y.C.; both by Richard Tyler.

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"H" knit hockey jersey by Tommy Hilfiger 5180 available at the Dallas Galleria, Dallas, the Oak Brook Center, Oak Brook, Ill., and the Stamford Town Center, Stamford, Ill.; velvet jean by Paul Smith 5195 available at Fred Segal, L.A., and Spirit, Sante Fe.

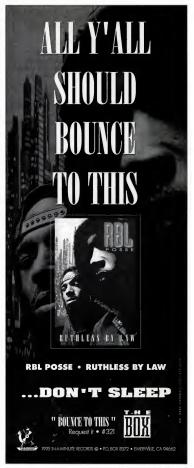
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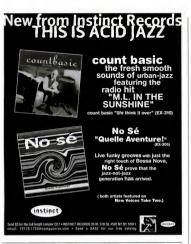
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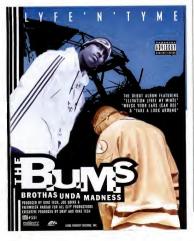
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Michael: Hooded zip-front Team jacket by Phat Farm \$150 available at Phat Farm, 129

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THE DETAILS

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Prince Street, N.Y.C. Kidada: Triumph hockey iersey \$36 and three-stripe gored skirt \$34. both by Adidas (for more information, call 800-448-1796); Ventair hat by Kangol available at Arnold Hatters, N.Y.C., and I.C. Penney, nationwide, Quincy; Yellow zip-front road and track shirt \$76, mesh practice pant \$92, and shoes, all by Karl Kani available at Macy's Herald Square, N.Y.C., and John Wanamaker, Philadelphia.

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Fleece hooded sweatshirt \$100 and fleece sweatpant \$98, both by Karl Kani available at Macy's Herald Square, N.Y.C., and Marshall Fields, Chicago; Spitfire cap by Kangol available at I.I. Hats. N.Y.C., and Lord & Taylor, nationwide.

VIDE Eachion "Body Heat pages 90 and 91

Cotton bikini by Betsey Johnson \$48 available at Betsey Johnson stores nationwide. Mesh tank by Helmut Lang: swim trunks by Diesel approximately \$50 available at Jacks, N.Y.C., and the Diesel store, Boston,

pages 92 and 93

Top row, left to right: Yellow lycra bikini halter top by Ozbek \$295 available at Shauna Stein, L.A. Red terry cloth shirt by Todd Killian \$155 available at MAC, San Francisco, and Loma Vista Hardware, Kansas City, Mo.; batik drawstring shorts by Island Trading \$61 available at Island Trading, Miami (for more information, call 800-338-9076); Ventair hat by Kangol available at Lord & Taylor, N.Y.C., and Lido, N.Y.C. Mustard triangle top and miniskirt set by G gigli \$110 available at Saks Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C., and Theodore, L.A.

Middle row. left to right: Cotton/lycra tank top with ties by Blú \$55 available at Macy's Herald Square, East Coast; batik sarong by Island Trading \$143 available at Island Trading, Miami. Red rie-dve racer-back one-piece by Speedo \$60 (for more information, call 800-547-8770). Striped denim shorts by Moschino \$95 available at Neiman Marcus, Houston, and Bernini, L.A.; terry cloth Lido by Kangol available at Dae Sung, N.Y.C., and Arnold Hatters, N.Y.C. Plaid shorts by Dom Casual at Showroom Seven.

Bottom row, left to right: Triangle bikini too \$28 and bottom \$26, both by I. Crew available through the J. Crew catalog (for more information, call 800-562-0258). Red tiedve racer-back one-piece by Speedo \$60 (for more information, call 800-547-8770); yellow lycra bikini halter top by Ozbek \$295 available at Shauna Stein, L.A.

pages 94 and 95
Terry cloth Lido by Kangol available at Amold Hatters, N.Y.C., and Lord & Taylor, N.Y.C.; rayon/linen shirt by Comme des Garcons \$280 available at Comme des Garcons, N.Y.C., and Fred Segal, L.A.; necklace by Kableware (for more information, call 212-582-8463). Track pant by PS by Paul Smith Soo available at Paul Smith, 105 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C.; swim trunks by Diesel approximately \$50 available at American Rag, San Francisco and N.Y.C.; visor from 2B! (for more information, call 212-966-8809).

All sunglasses by Ray Ban available at Sungear and Sunglass Hut nationwide (for more information, call 800-343-5594).

Look "Gear: Mesh" page 104

Purple mesh football jersey by Adidas \$28 (for more information, call 800-448-1796). Zipfront practice jersey by Karl Kani \$84 available at Macy's Herald Square, East Coast, and S&D Menswear, Brooklyn; cotton striped T-shirt by Tommy Hilfiger \$34 available at better department stores nationwide. Reversible Baseline tank by Adidas \$28 (for more information, call 800-448-1796). Mesh shorts by People of Color \$32 available at Nordstrom, Cerritos, Calif.; green mesh V-neck shirt by X-Large \$30 available at X-Large stores worldwide; underwear by Tommy Hilfiger available at better department stores nationwide. Model courtesy of Michael Brower Fitness (212-330-8053).

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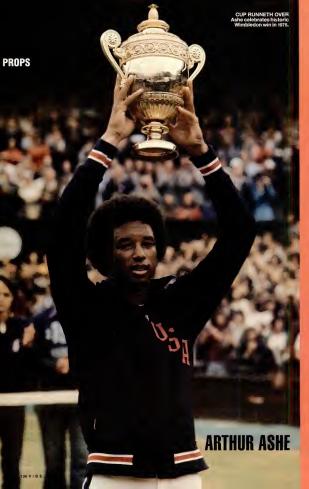
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his legacy, though—which is
exactly as he wished.

"What I don't want is—when all is said and done—to be thought of as a great tennis player," Ashe once told an interviewer. "That's no contribution to make to society.... But if I could discover some new vaccine for sickle-cell anemia or cystic fibrosis, that's what a role model should be."

In the 1975 Wimbledon finals. Ashe, then 31, completely dismantled the younger, heavily favored Jimmy Connors by totally changing his style of play and executing a game plan tailored to attack Connors's weaknesses. He always seemed to outthink and outmaneuver his opponents off the court too. When he realized that no one had written a history of African-American athletes, he did it himself-the painstakingly researched three-volume series A Hard Road to Glory was the result. It took him four years of applications and rejections to finally be granted a visa to visit South Africa. At the South African Open between 1973 and 1975, he refused to play unless the audiences for his matches were desegregated. They were. When apartheid died in 1991, he traveled to South Africa to bear

witness firsthand. Ashe learned he had AIDS in 1988, but he didn't publicize his condition until the news was leaked to the media four years later. But instead of withdrawing from the public eye when his privacy was invaded, he became an ardent crusader for the cause, raising over \$5 million through his Arthur Ashe Foundation for the Defeat of AIDS. Meanwhile, he protested the U.S. government's treatment of Haitian refugees and wrote his metaphysical memoirs, Days of Grace. Ashe always knew he had more to offer than just athletics. And in the end, by fighting for his beliefs, he redefined the very idea of being a role model. Joseph V. Tirella

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